

# The Sketch.

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Mrs. Hemming (the originator of these celebrated preparations which she supplies to all the courts of Europe) will be glad to arrange an interview to advise so that you obtain the best results. Mrs. Hemming has retained the whole of her large staff of experts during the war, and her appointments are still so numerous that it is necessary to book in advance.

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The following are brief extracts from a few recently received, *entirely unsolicited* complimentary letters in our possession. We guarantee this statement.

"I am so pleased with the result of the Chin Strap that I want you to send one with the Throat Lotion and Skin Food to my sister."

BOLTON.

"I have been using your treatment for Clogged Pores for over a month now, and find it has cleared my face wonderfully."

SOUTHWATER.

"Please send me another jar of Skin Food. The difference in my skin and complexion is wonderful in so short a time."

HARROW.

"I have been using your Skin Food for the last month, and I think it most wonderful."

EASTBOURNE.

"I think it (the Throat Lotion) is decidedly improving my neck."

WHIXLEY.

"I have been using the Skin Food and Special Lotion on alternate nights for the last month, and my complexion is much improved."

LIVERPOOL.

"Is much pleased with the cream, etc., she had from the 'Cyclax' Co. about a month ago, and even in that short time the deep wrinkles seem less deep."

BATH.

"Is delighted with the 'Cyclax' preparations. They have done great things already for her skin."

BROSELEY.

"I have used two jars of your Skin Food, this being the third, and I find it excellent for the skin."

SUNDERLAND.

"I have tried every well known Skin Food and find none like yours. I have quite got rid of a pronounced double chin with the Extra Reducing Fluid, and now no matter who recommends me to try any other preparations, I decline to make any changes."

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"Your goods are so superior to any I have ever used. I have tried many others and have never found anything that compares with your goods. When I use your Skin Food all my friends notice the change for the better. I am a great admirer of your works. Your Book also is valuable."

NICE.

THE "CYCLAX" CO., 58 SOUTH MOLTON STREET, LONDON, W.

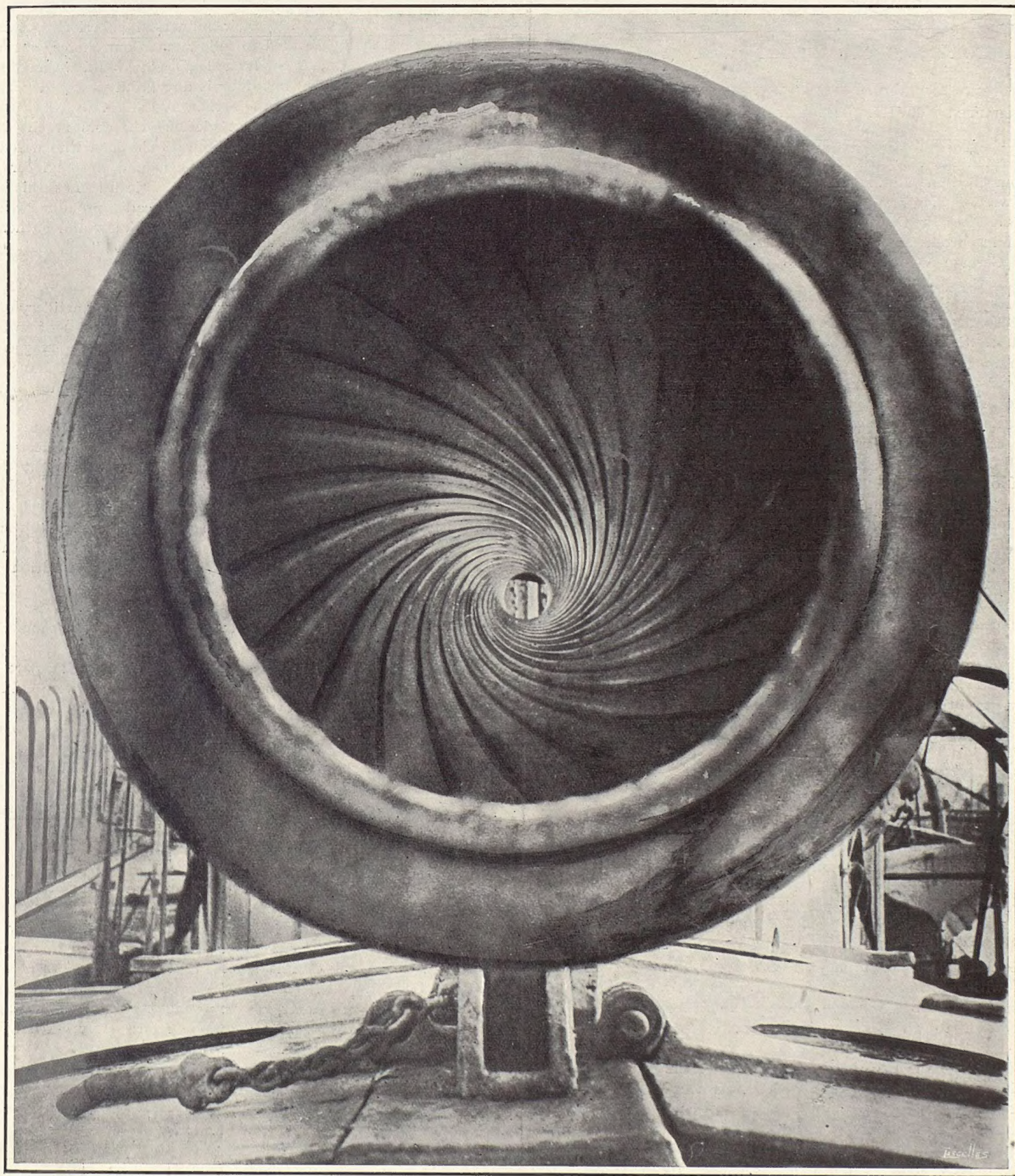


# The Sketch

No. 1149.—Vol. LXXXIX.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1915.

SIXPENCE.

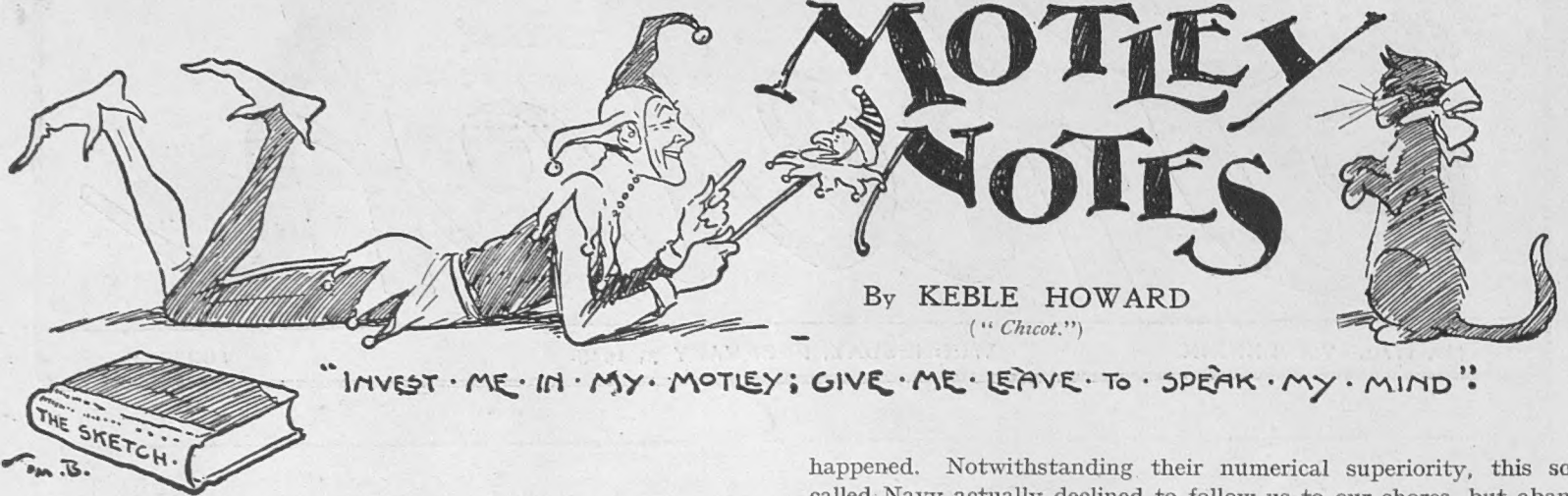


## BORING FOR THE GERMANS—WHY THE "LION'S" GUNS WERE ABLE TO HIT AT TEN MILES: LOOKING DOWN THE MUZZLE OF A NAVAL HEAVY GUN.

The object of rifling is to enable a gun to fire an elongated projectile with precision, by imparting to it rotation, which tends to keep it in the direction in which it was pointed when discharged. In modern guns the rifling is effected by cutting spiral grooves down the bore, leaving raised ribs, termed "lands," between them. Fastened

on the shell, near the base, is a band of soft copper which, as the shell on discharge passes up the bore, is cut into and gripped by the "lands," forcing the shell to take the twist of the rifling and rotate. An average shell  $3\frac{1}{2}$  diameters long needs a twist of one complete turn in 36 calibres to keep it steady.—[*Photograph by G.P.U.*]





HISTORY OF THE GREAT WAR (VOL. II).

(Potsdam Edition.)

CHAPTER XXVIII. THE NAVAL BATTLE OF JAN. 24.

IN the foregoing chapters, we have seen that the tactics of the German High Sea Fleet in the earlier part of the Great War compelled the admiration of the whole world. Though numerically weaker than the combined fleets of the Allies, the German High Sea Fleet, by sheer skill in strategy, nevertheless succeeded in obtaining from the outset and consistently holding the command of the German Ocean, known to England, for some obscure reason, as the North Sea.

Thanks to this highly important, though almost silent victory, our transports and merchandise came and went as freely as they pleased. Such materials as we required for the prosecution of the land campaign were brought to us by way of the German Ocean, and never for a single day were our ships of commerce compelled to leave their ordinary tracks across that same German Ocean.

Occasionally, however, the Allies attempted some feeble response to this crushing demonstration of naval skill. In this connection, we shall ever recall with pride the action of Sunday, Jan. 24, 1915. Certain of our cruisers, supported by a few smaller craft, were indulging in harmless manœuvres when a mighty squadron, comprising practically the whole strength of the British Fleet, hove in sight. The temptation to attack was very strong, as may be imagined, but we wisely refrained. Our policy was far more subtle than that. We decided to retreat somewhat, thus decoying the enemy into the zone of our mine-fields and torpedoes.

The celerity with which the order to about-ship was obeyed reflects the utmost credit on the German Navy. Not a murmur was heard from either officer or man. With the swiftness of a well-oiled machine, the little squadron put about and headed for home. Twenty, twenty-five, even thirty knots was the speed attained! Those aboard the cruisers declare that they had never believed their vessels capable of attaining such speed! The keen salt air sang in their eyes, and mouths, and ears, and nostrils; caps were lifted from brave heads and wafted overboard; those men off duty rushed into the stokeholds and assisted the stokers to pile the furnaces even higher! "For God and the Fatherland!" was the cry. "Let us get another knot out of her or perish!"

In the minds of the commanders, the dread question arose: "Will the plates stand the strain?" They knew full well that this unheard-of speed must presently tell its own tale on the groaning rivets and the sore-strained bolts! But did they falter? Did they give the command, "Half-speed"? No! A thousand times, no! Perish all such calumnies! Standing each man upon his bridge, with protruding eye-balls and clenched teeth, they had but one word to bellow down the speaking-tube, but one word to telegraph to the engine-room, namely, "Faster! Faster!! Faster!!!"

And what of the British, the erstwhile "Rulers of the Ocean"? Pottering in our wake, stricken with amazement to note the mad rate at which we dared to travel, they fired a few desultory shots which went wide of the mark. One old thing of ours, the *Blücher*, which we had previously decided to leave behind for strategical reasons, quietly sank at the moment chosen by ourselves. The British, to our amusement, claimed to have sunk her! The History of the Great War, as our readers have discovered, teems with such laughable incidents.

For our part, despite the furious pace at which we were moving, we kept pounding the shy Britishers, until one by one their largest vessels disappeared beneath the waves. Then a cowardly thing

happened. Notwithstanding their numerical superiority, this so-called Navy actually declined to follow us to our shores, but abandoned the fight and made for home! Dearly would we have loved to turn and pursue them, but duty is duty, and we could not have stopped our ships, anyhow, in less than five miles.

Thus ended one of the most glorious chapters in the Naval history of the Fatherland. All honour to the men who dared and did that day! All honour to the stokers and the engineers who proved our superiority to the arrogant Briton! Let this noble tradition long be maintained! Let every cadet proudly swear, as he dons his uniform for the first time, "For Kaiser and Fatherland, and the Fastest Home-Going Fleet in the World!"

Straight from  
the Trenches.

It seems that the cheery young artillery officer, who assured me that the stories of water in the British trenches were much exaggerated, was striking too optimistic a note. At any rate, I have since received two letters from infantry officers in the trenches, both of whom take me to task on the subject.

"In reading your notes in *The Sketch* of Jan. 13," writes one, "I was interested to read the remarks of an artillery officer on the condition of the English trenches. I feel it is only right that a statement of the kind should be contradicted. It is not with a desire to in any way make the worst of things, or to seek public sympathy, but merely to point out that the statement as to the condition of the majority of our trenches is quite incorrect. I can only conclude that the young officer alludes to their condition some months ago."

The second letter is from a personal friend, and is marked "Private," but it bears out the first. (Both letters, of course, were passed by the Censor.)

I need hardly say that we are all as disappointed as we were previously relieved. My young friend's experiences were evidently lucky; he spoke of the trenches he had been in, and these were fairly dry. In the meantime, let me assure my correspondents that a wet trench in Belgium could not be as dull and dreary as the wet roads, and dark streets, and the fulfilment of the daily round and common task at home. Even fairly dry feet are a poor exchange for the elasticity and irresponsibility of youth. Believe me, my dear young Sirs, you are not missing anything.

Germans and  
Imagination.

I suppose it requires some imagination to put yourself in the place of another. The English must have keen imaginations, or their sympathies with those in distress would not be so keen. I wonder if the Germans are lacking in imagination? I don't mean their artists, but the German in the street. If they are, that would explain a great deal—and atone for a great deal. Criminals are generally lacking in imagination. They do not realise what their victims suffer. That is the only excuse for them.

One day early last week, when we were all glowing with the story of the battle in the North Sea, I met a German financier of my acquaintance.

"How do you do?" he asked politely.

I told him how I did.

"The news is still wretchedly depressing," he said.

"What?" I replied, staring at him in astonishment.

"The news is still dreadfully depressing," he repeated.

"Well, I'm not depressed," I assured him, forbearing to say why.

He shrugged his shoulders. "You," he retorted, "would see good in anything that happened!" And he moved on in disgust.



RIGHT DRESS !

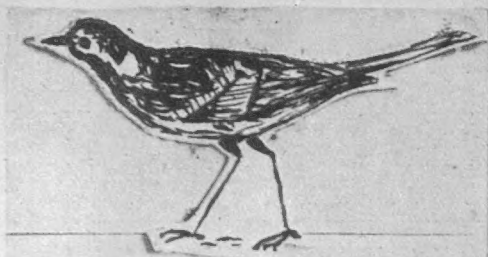


THE RECRUIT (*not particularly content with being one of the few wearing "oddments," and hankering for his khaki*) : Excuse me, Miss ; but 'ow did you manage to get your uniform so quick ?

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



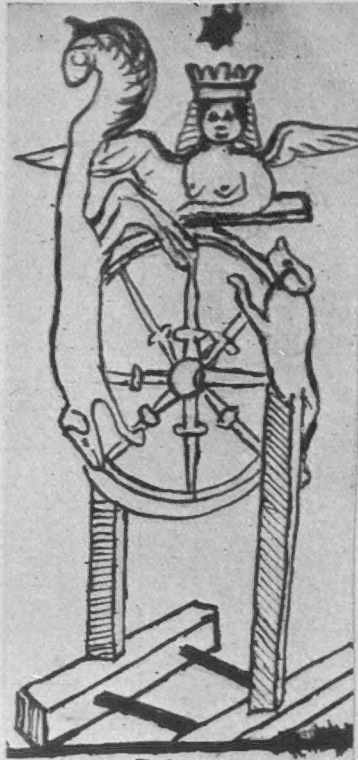
## AKIN TO THOSE OF THE ENEMY: CHARMS AGAINST DEATH.



Oh Vogel von  
Un glück heh-  
test du mich

*Fritz Kuhn.*

"Oh, Bird; from misfortune  
protect thou me!"  
(signed) Fritz Kuhn.

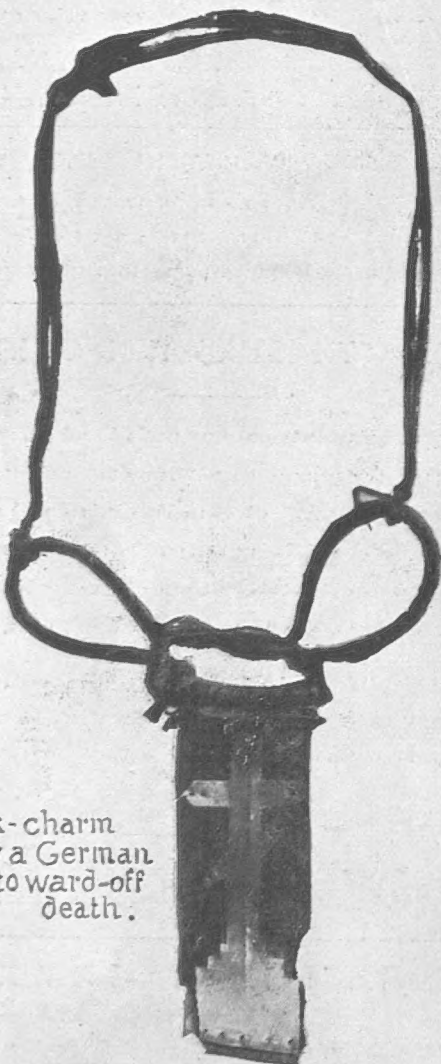


Von Tod in  
Gefahren heh-  
test du mich  
Kamtest du  
für mich  
behutest du  
mich von Tod  
des Schwerts.

"From death in battle save thou me;  
Fight ihou for me;  
Protect thou me from death by the sword."



"King of the Sword."



A Neck-charm  
Worn by a German  
soldier to ward-off  
death.



Austrian charms  
for luck in battle.



An Ikon, blessed by a Priest,  
worn by a Russian soldier.



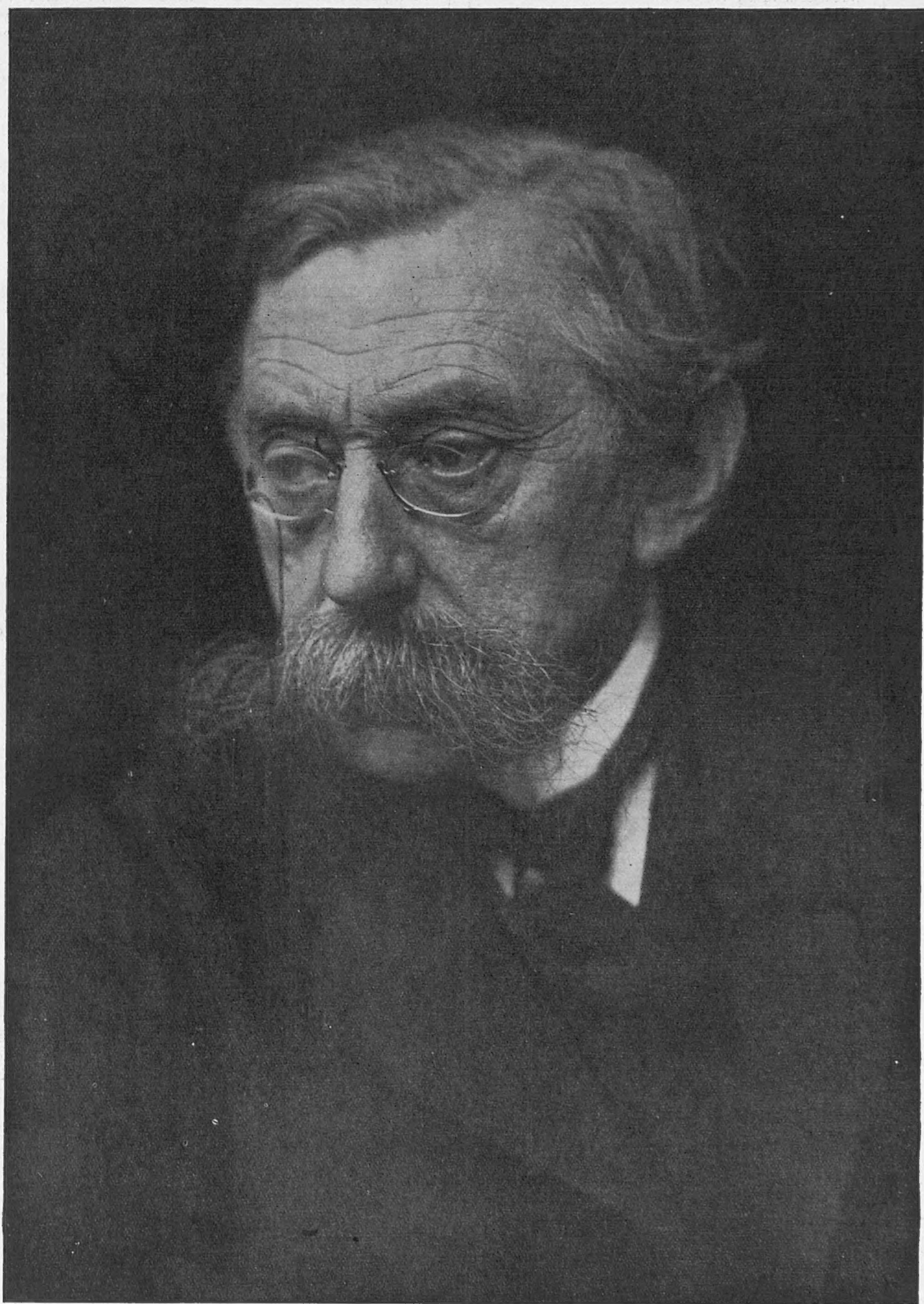
## DESIGNED TO BRING LUCK ON THE BATTLEFIELD: TALISMANS AND AMULETS FOR FIGHTERS.

"Eye-Witness" wrote from the front the other day: "It is somewhat surprising to find reliance being placed on charms. And yet not a few of our prisoners are in possession of so-called prayers, which are really written charms against death, wounds, disease, and every imaginable evil. One such document . . . began thus: 'A powerful prayer, whereby one is protected and guarded against shot and sword, against visible and invisible foes, as well as against all manner of evil. May God preserve me against all manner of arms and weapons, shot and cannon, long or short swords, knives or daggers, or carbines, halberds, and anything that cuts or points, against thrusts, rapiers, long and short rifles, or guns and such-like, which have been forged since the birth of Christ;

against all kinds of metal, be it iron or steel, brass or lead, ore or wood.' . . . Many of these amulets, or charms, are probably of very ancient origin . . . handed down among the German peasantry from generation to generation." In this country, a most interesting collection of such charms and amulets is owned by the Secretary of the Gypsy Club. Some are illustrated above. It may be noted that most of the charms are made of hard metal, and therefore likely to turn the course of any bullet striking them. When the superstitious peasant-soldier meets with an instance of a bullet being stopped by one of these charms, he naturally ascribes its failure to inflict mortal injury to the virtue of his talisman.—[Photographs by H. Stone.]



## RANKED WITH MAETERLINCK; AND A LONDON POWER.



THE FAMOUS BELGIAN POET-DRAMATIST, WHO IS THE AUTHOR OF "LE CLOÎTRE," SEEN AT THE KINGSWAY:  
M. EMIL VERHAEREN.

M. Emil Verhaeren, who has been ranked with another great Belgian writer, M. Maurice Maeterlinck, has been heard in London and has re-conquered the literary world by the sheer beauty, dignity, and power of his remarkable tragedy of human passion and the secluded life, "Le Cloître." Three special matinées of this great work were given at the Kingsway Theatre last week, and the audiences were moved

to enthusiasm by the grim story of the soul-stricken monk, Dom Balthazar, the young and saintly Dom Marc, the agonising confession made by Balthazar, and the haunting atmosphere of relentless Fate which permeates the whole play. M. Verhaeren was born at St. Amand, of Flemish parents, in 1855; and so is seven years older than M. Maeterlinck.—[Camera Portrait by E. O. Hoppé.]



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### TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Eighty-Eight (Oct. 7 to Dec. 30, 1914) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.

## SPECIAL NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE SKETCH."

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of "The Sketch," and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders, but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

### CONCERNING GERMAN RULERS; AND MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL: NOTES FROM A PRINCESS'S BOOK.\*

William I.—  
"Blood."

When a lady well known in the Great World of several countries acknowledges to forty years of memories, it is safe to assume that she has much of interest to say. Princess Catherine Radziwill (Catherine Kolb) is not an exception to the rule: her book is very entertaining. She confesses that she cannot understand Dante when he writes: "No greater woe can be than to remember happy days." "This world of ours," she thinks, "is not such a bad place after all," and she continues: "Kind people are to be found; generous folk too; and my experience of Sovereigns, which has been varied, has proved to me that nowhere, perhaps, can one meet with more generous instincts than amongst them." And there is no hedging about that "perhaps." To deal with the Princess's anecdotes and experience fully is not possible for us; but, by quotation, we may indicate their tenour and attraction. Let us begin with the Arch-Enemy, Germany—not of most recent days. Here is a little picture of William I., grandfather of the All-Highest Kaiser, when he was approaching his eightieth year. "A man vigorous and active in his movements, whose blue eyes retained the vivacity usually associated with youth, and whose walk still possessed vigour and elasticity. . . . He had a curious habit when he was talking to anyone of bending his head in such a manner that it seemed to add to his height instead of taking away from it. Always very neat in his dress, he had a certain coquetry in the way in which he arranged his hair in order to hide his baldness. A long lock from the back was carried to the front, where it was fastened by means of a black thread to another coming from his forehead.

The Empress Who  
Talked to Chairs.

Then there is the Empress Augusta, whose life was one long disappointment. "She would not admit any superiority above her own, nor allow familiarity on the part of her children, whom she used to treat more as would a Queen than a mother. . . . The Empress used to tell her friends that she had been taught the art of polite conversation by being forced to talk to empty chairs, each of which was supposed to represent some great personage. Unfortunately, this exercise appeared to have created the habit of treating living men like inanimate things, for she spoke so automatically to those who surrounded her that the impression was irresistibly conveyed that it was absolutely indifferent to her what kind of reply she received. Her expressions never went beyond certain phrases. . . . Her whole deportment was studied and designed to impress those around her. . . . She gave one the impression that she would have made an inferior actress, but one who studied her parts thoroughly well." Bitter, but convincing! When she became Empress, she saw to it that there was a new code of precedence, seeking to revive the traditions of the old German Empire. "In this she was very different from the Emperor, who never thought of himself as anything else but King of Prussia, and who, until his death, remained more proud of this title than of being Emperor, for the reason that he held the former by the grace of God, and not, as the latter, by the good-will of some people for whom, when all is said and done, he did not care in the least."

The Kaiser—  
As He Was.

The present Kaiser comes in for several good words—as a youth. "It was even then impossible not to be struck by his remarkable intelligence. And, in addition, he was a most attractive man, and possessed the great gift—one of the most precious that Nature can bestow—of personal magnetism. Despite the gravity and seriousness which he affected, there was in him an impetuosity which was most difficult to resist. In spite of the buoyancy of his youth, his judgments showed a remarkable maturity. He had no illusions, nor was there any cynicism at this time, at any rate, in his nature. Prince William was very fond of society and of all the enjoyments which it offered." What a falling off is there! What, by the way, must be the War Lord's opinion now of the festivities at the silver wedding of the Crown Prince (his predecessor on the throne) and the Crown Princess—they were quite English, you know: in fact, a reproduction of the Court of our own Elizabeth, with the Countess Udo Stolberg-Wernigerode as the Virgin Queen!

"Winston," the  
Youth.

Princess Catherine has to deal also with England and with Russia. Let us turn to England—and Mr. Winston Churchill. "At that time," it is written, ". . . Mr. Winston Churchill was scarcely more than a boy, but just as exuberant as he is now. Perhaps less so, though, because he had not yet taken himself quite *au sérieux*, and had yet to drink from the cup of success. . . . Even then he was most amusing and entertaining, and liked to talk about his future career, being already convinced that he was to become Prime Minister of a regenerated England, whose prophet was to be the Duke of Marlborough, and whose recognised divinity the omnipotence of the Churchills in every possible event connected with its existence and prosperity." A good beginning for a big man. Princess Catherine Radziwill is to be congratulated on her work, which is assured very many readers.

\* "Memories of Forty Years." By Princess Catherine Radziwill (Catherine Kolb). [Cassell; Illustrated; 16s. net.]





WAR NEWS FROM THE STAGE: "HE COMETH NOT!": A POPULAR NAVAL HERO.

**A Dramatic Moment.**

No more dramatic manner of hearing good news is possible than the manner in which I heard on Sunday night the tidings of Admiral Beatty's victory in the North Sea. I was one of the audience who that evening saw a performance of Farquhar's "The Recruiting Officer" at the Haymarket Theatre. After the second act the lights in the

destroyers also wondered when their turn would come, before the scrap in the Bight of Heligoland gave them a chance to test their guns in earnest. The men and the officers of the battle-ships of our Grand Fleet must now envy their brethren on the battle-cruisers who have partaken of the joy of battle while the Great Fleet still bides its day waiting for the German big war-ships to come out and offer battle. The chances that Von Tirpitz and Prince Henry will send out the battle fleet to be hammered by superior weight of metal seem remote after the haste the German battle-cruisers showed to get home; and the knowledge of this will make our men, who in the big ships wait for "Der Tag," all the more anxious that sudden madness may come upon Von Tirpitz and that he may send Germany's marine monsters out to their destruction.



LORD KITCHENER'S SISTER AND THE WAR: MRS. PARKER SUPPORTING THE BRITISH WOMEN'S WAR CLUBS.

Mrs. Parker, sister of Lord Kitchener, who is actively interesting herself in forwarding the well-being and interests of the New Army and soldiers' dependents, was present at an Ealing meeting last week and spoke in support of the British Women's War Clubs. Mrs. Parker is seen sitting at the centre of the table. On the extreme right is Marchioness Townshend.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

house did not go up, and we all wondered why they did not do so. Then from between the red velvet curtains stepped out a gentleman, and the audience stopped its conversation to hear what he had to say, imagining that it must be an announcement that one of the players was unwell, or to make excuse for something. When he told us that an announcement had just been made by the Admiralty which he thought we should like to hear, everybody in the dress circle, where I was, simultaneously leant forward so as to bring their ears a trifle nearer to the speaker, and an absolute silence fell on the audience.

**A Shout of Exultation.**

Somebody opened a door leading into the dress circle, and for a second there was the sound of talking outside—a sound resented by the audience by a little movement of impatience. The light by which the gentleman on the stage tried to read the paper he held in his hand was not a good one, and he occasionally paused, trying to make out some word that was not plain on the manuscript. The audience followed every word, and little gasps of satisfaction came from them as the story of the victory was gradually unfolded. When the story was concluded there was a great clapping of hands and a shout that was one of exultation. I fancy that through the mind of every woman and man in the theatre flashed the thought that the men who had killed the children at Scarborough were now feeling the rod of British sea-power.

**The Men on the Battle-Ships.**

A month after the commencement of the war a young officer in one of our submarines wrote to me and told me that he was dying of ennui, and wondering when the submarines would get their chance. No doubt the officers on the big cruisers and the light cruisers and the

**Soldiers and Sailors.** A young Lieutenant of the Royal Navy on a battle-ship, one of whose letters I was given to read, declared that every day of his life now he wished that he had become a soldier, as his two brothers had done, for they at least had the satisfaction of being shot at every day, whereas life on a battle-ship consisted in waiting to be shot at and the shot never coming. I warrant, however, that Sir John French, when he sent his message of congratulation to the Fleet on behalf of the Army, wished heartily that he could catch the Germans in the open in Flanders in the same way that Sir David Beatty had caught the Germans away from cover in the North Sea. To sit in a trench waiting for something to happen must be just as tedious as waiting on a battle-ship; and a battle-ship in the North Sea is sometimes dry, whereas a trench in Flanders never is.

**Admiral Sir David Beatty.**

By his Christian name, Admiral Beatty should have been a Welshman, but he was really born next door—in Cheshire. His father was a Wexford man, so Mr. Redmond is partly justified. Sir David seems likely to be a popular naval hero of the war. Lord Charles Beresford, who for a long while—



JAPANESE RED CROSS WORKERS FOR EUROPE: IN THE OPERATING-THEATRE OF KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL; WITH MME. INOUE.

A contingent from the Japanese Red Cross Society, comprising 2 sergeants, 2 chief nurses, 20 nurses, a secretary, and an interpreter, arrived in London last week on their way to the front in France and Belgium. They are seen in the Operating-Theatre of the 4th Divisional Hospital, Denmark Hill, which they visited with Mme. Inoue, the Japanese Ambassador's wife. On the left are Dr. Suozuki, head of the contingent, and Colonel Tirard, in charge of the hospital.—[Photograph by G.N.]

was the most popular officer in the Navy, is an Irishman, and the ship in which he earned undying fame had a "menagerie" name, for it was the *Condor*.



## WAR WEDDINGS: MILITARY ENGAGEMENTS OF THE MOMENT.



MISS EMILY D. DAVIES: TO MARRY  
FLIGHT-COM. EDWARD OSMOND, R.N.



MAJOR HENRY S. WINDHAM: TO MARRY  
MISS MARJORY RUSSELL DYMCK.



MISS MARJORY R. DYMCK: TO MARRY  
MAJOR HENRY S. WINDHAM.



MISS OLGA FRISBY: TO MARRY  
CAPTAIN C. A. C. HAZLEHURST.



MISS I. M. HENNIKER-GOTLEY: TO  
MARRY LIEUTENANT W. JAMES.



MISS HILDA M. STARKEY: TO MARRY  
LIEUT. CHARLES EDWARD PARKER.



MISS GERTRUDE COTTAM: TO MARRY  
LIEUT. HERBERT EDWARD MEASOR.



LIEUT. HERBERT EDWARD MEASOR:  
TO MARRY MISS GERTRUDE COTTAM.



MISS EVELYN WARDELL: TO MARRY  
CAPTAIN A. V. W. STOKES.

Miss Davies is a daughter of Mr. J. H. W. Davies, Blackheath, and Flight-Commander Osmond is the only son of the late Edward Osmond, Rewe, Devon.—Major Windham, Bedfordshire Regiment, is a grandson of the late Lord Charles Russell, and Miss Dymock is youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. McLean Dymock, of Bedford.—Miss Frisby is only daughter of Mr. Vincent Frisby, late Devonshire Regiment, and Captain Hazlehurst is in the Westmorland and Cumberland Yeomanry.—Miss I. M. Henniker-Gotley is eldest daughter of the Rev. G. and Mrs. Henniker-Gotley, West Ashby Vicarage, Lincolnshire, and Lieutenant W. James is in the Durham Light Infantry.—Miss Hilda M. Starkey is eldest daughter of Mr. Starkey, M.P., of Norwood Park, Southwell,

and Lieutenant Parker, 7th King's Shropshire Light Infantry, is eldest son of the Rev. the Hon. Archibald Parker, The Rectory, Wem.—Miss Gertrude Cottam is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Cottam, of Galmpton, Devon, and Lieutenant Measor, King's Shropshire Light Infantry, is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Measor, St. Martin's, Southbourne, Bournemouth.—Miss Wardell is the only daughter of the late Harold P. Wardell and Mrs. John Vaughan, of Brynwrn, Newbridge-on-Wye, and step-daughter of Brigadier-Gen. John Vaughan, D.S.O., and Captain Stokes is in the 4th Hussars, and is the elder son of the late Anthony W. J. Stokes, of St. Botolph's, Pembrokeshire.—[Photographs Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, by Swaine; No. 5, by Langfier.]



## THE HIPPODROME LADIES' "HOME" FOR SOLDIERS' PETS.



1. MISS DESMOND.  
2. MISS MADGE BROADWOOD.  
3. MISS MAY DODSON.

4. MISS HETTIE BULLEN.  
5. MISS HODDAY.  
6. MISS BESSIE MASON.

7. MISS CISSIE MOORE.  
8. MISS EDITH FRASER.  
9. MISS TREVOR.  
10. MISS COSSIE GODFREY.

11. MISS VERA.  
12. MISS JUANITA SYMONES.  
13. MISS JOHNSON.

14. MISS VIOLET LORAIN.  
15. MISS CHRISTINE SILVER.  
16. MISS UNITY MORE.

## CARING FOR DOGS OUR OFFICERS AND MEN HAVE LEFT BEHIND THEM: FAIR ACTRESSES AND THEIR "WARDS."

A number of soldiers—one must presume, lonely soldiers—have left behind them pets for whom there is no "separation allowance"! Many of these "orphan" dogs have been adopted for the time being. Our photographs show some of them in the care

of a "Foundling" Society organised and run by the charming ladies of the London Hippodrome Revue, "Business as Usual." Miss Violet Loraine, Miss Christine Silver and Miss Unity More are, of course, bright particular stars of the revue.

Photographs by Wrathier and Buys.



## CLASSICAL DANCING FOR AMERICA: DUNCANISM AT RYE, N.Y.



1. "RING A RING O' ROSES" ON THE ROCKS: MME. ISADORA DUNCAN AND SOME OF HER DANCING CHILDREN, IN THE UNITED STATES.

2. TELLING THE YOUNGSTERS A STORY: MME. ISADORA DUNCAN AND GIRL PUPILS AT RYE, N.Y.

10 outbreak of the Great War, Mme. Isadora Duncan, the famous classical dancer, has been teaching her art at Rye, New York, where she has some twenty girl pupils, varying in age from eight to sixteen.—[Photographs by *International News Service*.]



## IN A PLAY BY ACTIVE OFFICERS: "THE FLAG LIEUTENANT."



IN THE PART CREATED BY MR. CYRIL MAUDE: MR. GODFREY TEARLE AS "MR. DICKY,"  
OTHERWISE RICHARD LASCELLES, AT THE HAYMARKET.

"The Flag-Lieutenant" has been revived at the Haymarket Theatre, where it is meeting with great success. Richard Lascelles, the part created by Mr. Cyril Maude, is now

played by Mr. Godfrey Tearle. The piece was first produced, at the Playhouse, in June 1908. It is by Major W. P. Drury and Major Leo Trevor, officers now in khaki again.





## SIR DAVID AND LADY BEATTY.

**A**MONG all the American wives of English husbands involved in the war, Lady Beatty has pre-eminence. Her situation appeals to the imagination, and would do so even without the additional fillip of satisfaction all patriots feel in knowing that her nationality brings home a British success in a peculiarly personal way to a large number of onlookers in the States. Her connection with the Admiral and his victory reminds one of the more general, looser, less immediate, but hardly less actual connection between the new country and the old. And even without this sense of sympathies cemented, she would have been the best congratulated woman in England. Who can think of ships, of their isolation, of battles on the high seas, of a world entirely unfeminine except for the convention that turns our ironclads into "shes"—who can think of sailors without the complementary thought for their women-kind? Ten days ago Hanover Lodge became a regular clearing-house for London's goodwill towards the Fleet in general. It looked almost as if Regent's Park had been the scene of victory.

**The Youth Limit.** Captain Beatty went to Chicago for his wife fourteen years ago. He was then just thirty, and, in the normal course, a very long way off the rank he now holds. But even then he had begun a game of hop, skip, and jump through the Navy. When raised to the rank of Commander, he had leapfrogged over three hundred and ninety-five officers with senior claims, and when he was given his Captaincy

two hundred officers were passed over on his account. The curious thing is that the other men seemed to bend their backs quite cheerfully while he was taking his flying leap. Through all the stages of his career he has been the youngest of his rank: a cadet at thirteen, he started fair, but the race has been his ever since.

**Chicago Millions and Maidens.**

Marshall Field (the name itself suggests an engagement by land) was the man to know the value of men. He had, probably, a hand in the making of as many careers as a Board of Admiralty (Mr. Selfridge, by the way, is a disciple), and he judged well of the young officer. But Chicago at large, conscious of the family millions, had looked for an earldom at the least, and Miss Field was thought mightily uncon-

better than a seat in the House of Lords—he has a flag-ship and a place in history.

**At Balmoral.**

A splendid horsewoman, Lady Beatty has made the most of the United Kingdom. She has hunted in England and Ireland, and tasted all the joys of the Highlands. At Brooksby Hall, Leicester, she and her family live in a centre of the chase, and as the tenants of Invercauld they know the best of Scottish sport. That the Beattys have been for several years in succession Mr. Farquharson's tenants at Invercauld means that they are the approved neighbours of the King and Queen at Balmoral. Their Majesties count the Admiral and his wife among their closest naval friends, and in Scotland they have seen a great deal of each other. The tenants of Invercauld were the first persons honoured by a dinner invitation to Balmoral after the death of King Edward.

**A King's Man.**

The Admiral came also into personal contact with the late King. In 1906 and for the two following years he was Naval Adviser to the Army Council and in 1908 Aide-de-Camp to Edward VII. But it is with the Sailor King that the closer bonds exist. He received his C.B. at the Coronation, and from the purely personal point of view, over and above all mightier considerations, his success in the North Sea was particularly gratifying to his Majesty.

**The Bumper.**

As luck has it, Admiral Beatty is, as far as a naval officer can be, a Lord Kitchener man. He was employed in the Khartum Expedition, and by various accidents of service knows the ins and outs of the War Office almost as well as he knows the Admiralty. During the Boxer trouble of 1900 he again came into contact with the land forces, and again distinguished himself. During an engagement at Tientsin, in June, he was twice wounded. He is accredited, besides, with a success at St. Petersburg—as it then was! We give an exact rendering of the official record of a dinner given to British officers in the Russian capital: "Admiral Beatty, in returning thanks for the magnificent presentation made to him by the Mayor yesterday, drained his Russian beaker, filled with champagne, at a single draught, a feat which called forth the unbounded admiration of all present."

**"Bravo, David."** There are other legends which endear the Admiral to the Navy—to a Navy that sets great store by the capacity for doing its business in a spirit of good-fellowship and even conviviality. Admiral Beatty is beloved of his seamen. The cheer that went up from his squadron at the close of the last engagement was "Bravo, David." As David he has always been known and always will be known on the lower deck.



SONS OF A GREAT SAILOR: THE CHILDREN OF VICE-ADMIRAL SIR DAVID AND LADY BEATTY.

This characteristic portrait of the two sons of Sir David Beatty, in sailor suits—suggestive, we may hope, that they may follow the profession in which their father so quickly won renown—was taken only a week or thereabouts before the victorious action against a German squadron in the North Sea by which Sir David Beatty gained new honour. Lady Beatty is a daughter of Mr. Marshall Field sen., of Chicago, and her sons are named David Field, and Peter.—[Photograph by Photopress.]

ventional when she married the younger son of a plain County Wexford gentleman who has no handle to his name save a resigned commission in the 4th Hussars. Chicago, however, has at rock-bottom a sense of values; Admiral Beatty has something



THE HERO OF THE NORTH SEA VICTORY: VICE-ADMIRAL SIR DAVID BEATTY.

The brilliant naval action in the North Sea, on Sunday, Jan. 24, when the German armoured cruiser "Blücher" was sunk, and other German vessels were seriously damaged, afforded one more proof of the skill and daring of Sir David Beatty, "our youngest Admiral," the more so that our own casualties were almost nominal. Sir David, who was born in 1871, had already scored heavily in the action off Heligoland in the present war, and had a fine record previously for good work done since he entered the Navy in 1884, gained rapid promotion, and was appointed to command the First Battle-Cruiser Squadron in 1913, with the rank of Vice-Admiral.—[Photograph by Vandyk.]



## THE WAR NOTE IN SOCIAL LIFE: WEDDINGS; AND A GROUP.



THE WEDDING OF A GRENADIER GUARDS OFFICER: SIR GEORGE AND LADY DUCKWORTH-KING LEAVING ST. PAUL'S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE.



THE WEDDING OF A SOLDIER-ACTOR-COMPOSER AND AN ACTRESS: LIEUTENANT EDMUND D. LA TOUCHE, OF THE A.S.C., AND HIS BRIDE (MISS ALMA LEE).



A BEATTY AND "LION" GROUP: THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, THE EMPRESS, THEIR DAUGHTERS, VICE-ADMIRAL SIR DAVID BEATTY AND LADY BEATTY, AND OTHERS OF MUCH INTEREST, ON H.M.S. "LION."

Sir George Duckworth-King, whose baronetcy was created in 1792 and conferred upon Admiral Sir Richard King, who fought under Nelson at Trafalgar, is the sixth holder of the title. He has been wounded in the war and is home on leave. Lady Duckworth-King was Miss Barbara Scott Makdougall.—There were some novel features about the wedding of Lieutenant Edmund D. La Touche, A.S.C. actor and composer, to the charming actress Miss Alma Lee. They left Southwark Cathedral, after the ceremony,

in a carriage drawn by three pairs of transport horses, ridden by officers.—When the Fleet was in Russian waters Sir David Beatty's flag-ship, the "Lion," was honoured by the presence of T.I.M. the Tsar and Tsaritsa and their Majesties' daughters, who are shown in our photograph, together with Vice-Admiral Beatty and Lady Beatty, Captain Halsey, of the "New Zealand," Captain Brack, of the "Princess Royal," Captain Chatsfield, of the "Lion," Lady Gwendeline Churchill, and other visitors.

Photograph No. 1 by Illustrations Bureau; No. 2, Topical; No. 3, Photopress.





# CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

IN giving the portrait of Lady Marjorie Feilding in our last issue we referred to her as engaged to Captain Edward Dudley Hanly, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. The wedding took place very quietly, at Newnham Paddox, Lutterworth, on Jan. 18, and subsequently Captain and Lady Marjorie Hanly left for Ireland.

## M.D.—Mighty Dull.

Army doctors lately home on leave for ninety-six hours—the journey to and fro uses up half of them—feel that the allowance might have been more liberal. Till within the last week or so slackness of fighting has made things very slow in the hospitals in France. "For a month I've done nothing but play billiards and grow a moustache," was the lament of one young man who, in peace time, is a mighty worker. He came for his two days, and then rushed back again—to billiards!

**Cold Comfort.** The huge hotels on the coast outside Boulogne are turned into hospitals, and serve the purpose well enough; but when, having disposed of their patients, they relapse



A NEW BARONET: SIR ALGERNON A. ST. L. LEE GUINNESS.

By the death of Lord Ardilaun, the baronetcy descends to the eldest son of the second son of the first Baronet, who now becomes Sir Algernon Arthur St. Lawrence Lee Guinness, third Baronet. He is unmarried.

Photograph by Lafayette.

hair, but cannot see those bundles—the kit of dead officers, sent home—without tears.

## The Two Cardinals.

Cardinal Bourne, who goes to France on a special mission, is a close friend of Cardinal Mercier. They have been in consultation more than once since the beginning of the war—first in Rome, during the conclave, and lastly in London. In France, however, they will not be able to meet: the trenches are between them. Cardinal Bourne will revisit in Paris many scenes associated with his early ecclesiastical training; but Louvain University, where he completed his education, is no longer the meeting-place of "old boys."

**A Kindly Action.** Lord Huntingfield, newly succeeded to the title, has unfortunately been too unwell to rejoin the regiment that keeps his affections, or to take much part, as an East Coast patriot, in preparations for home defence. Perhaps he finds some consolation in being laid up in the danger-zone; it would take a peculiarly masterful doctor to succeed in banishing him to the more placid atmosphere of, say, Devonshire.



ENGAGED TO MISS VIOLET LODGE, DAUGHTER OF SIR OLIVER LODGE, PRINCIPAL OF BIRMINGHAM UNIVERSITY: MR. ROLAND WATERHOUSE.

Mr. Roland Waterhouse is the eldest son of Mr. William Waterhouse, of Newport, Essex. Miss Violet Lodge is the eldest daughter of Sir Oliver Lodge, LL.D., F.R.S., etc., the famous man of science, who is Principal of the University of Birmingham.—Miss Strachey is the



ENGAGED TO MR. ROLAND WATERHOUSE, SON OF MR. WILLIAM WATERHOUSE, OF NEWPORT, ESSEX: MISS VIOLET LODGE.



ENGAGED TO SECOND-LIEUTENANT BERTRAM C. WILLIAMS-ELLIS, OF THE 7TH ROYAL FUSILIERS: MISS AMABEL STRACHEY.

only daughter of Mr. John St. Loe Strachey, the well-known *littérateur* and publicist, of Newland's Corner, Surrey. Second-Lieutenant Williams-Ellis is the second surviving son of the late Rev. J. C. Williams-Ellis, of Glasfryn and Brondanw. He is in the 7th Royal Fusiliers.

Photographs by Swaine.



ENGAGED TO MISS AMABEL STRACHEY, DAUGHTER OF MR. JOHN ST. LOE STRACHEY: SECOND-LIEUTENANT BERTRAM C. WILLIAMS-ELLIS.

into something like hotels again, they become dreary beyond bearing. The billiard-room avails nothing after a six weeks' occupation. At Versailles the same sort of thing has been happening. A most accomplished surgeon, back for the usual two days, visited the London hospital where ordinarily he would be doing useful work to sigh over the waste of time in France. For a month he had attended nothing but cases of frost-bite—or wet-bite, as they call it on the spot. But such slackness is only temporary: in twenty-four hours half the beds in France may, alas! be full again.

## Iron Nerve and Soft Heart.

In one of the pauses between patches of desperately hard work, Sir Frederick Treves himself has found time to write down his impressions of France in war time. One set of these takes the form of an article in the *Times* on things seen in Sick Bay—of a converted Casino, of Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox's rest-station, of the ambulance-wagons, and, lastly, of the mud-stained bundles turned out on the platforms by orderlies from the fighting line. To Sir Frederick these bundles are the most touching of all the things that have come under his eye: leave it to the man who, in his own person, is up against the tragedy of suffering and the struggle for life to be easily moved by something quite outside his sphere of work. He goes through the ordeals of the operating-table without turning a



TO MARRY SIR FRANCIS M. SIBBALD SCOTT, BT., TO-DAY (FEB. 3): MRS. GLADYS TAYLOR.

Mrs. Gladys Taylor, whose marriage to Sir Francis Montagu Sibbald Scott, fifth Baronet, is arranged to take place to-day, is the youngest daughter of the late Captain T. F. Rolt, and widow of the late Mr. R. F. Taylor, of Chester. Sir Francis Sibbald Scott succeeded his father, the late Sir Francis David Sibbald Scott, of Wilton Lodge, Waterloo, Hants, and Ceylon, in 1906.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

The alarms of war, by the way, cannot always monopolise our attention. Motors still career along the roads, and not long ago Lord and Lady Huntingfield's infant daughter Carola was in an accident. Her pram was run over, her nurse seriously injured, and she herself thrown to the ground. It looked as if she might be badly hurt, but a passer-by, seeing in a moment that this was not so, ran to the home of the parents with the announcement "Your baby is quite safe." A minute later came the policeman, the remains of a pram, and an ambulance.

## A Faded Friendship.

The usual exchange of birthday cablegrams between the Kaiser and Mr. Roosevelt were this year interrupted by the cutting of the cables, if for no other reason. It is interesting, at a moment when all international opinions are being revised, to remember a certain three-cornered esteem recorded by an American lady married to a Russian: "I hear from Kaiser Wilhelm and the King of England that Roosevelt is a very interesting man—aristocratic and imperialistic in one way, but very strange and democratic in his manners. I have heard from the people who meet him intimately that Mr. Roosevelt's ambition is to be more like the Kaiser and the King in one thing—length of office. He wants to be elected President for life." That ambition, like some friendships, is now probably somewhat faded.



SPECIAL FOR SPECIALS.



THE FLAPPER (to the Special Constable): Please, Sir, have you seen anyone looking like someone looking for someone?

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.





WE make a great deal of the perplexities of pronunciation that crop up in the Eastern theatre of war, but need we go so far? Quite apart from its unusual exertions in French, London has been much put to it to cope with the names of the Roumanian, Bulgarian, and Polish diplomatists who are in our midst, to say nothing of a multitude of Indian titles. Only a Buckingham Palace master of ceremonies could have been expected to deal successfully with the King's callers during the last few weeks. On one day alone his Majesty, besides receiving the representatives of our Allies, or potential Allies, was visited by the Brazilian Minister and Mme. de Fontoura Xavier, the Bulgarian Minister and Mme. Hadji-Mischef, the Columbian Minister and Mme. Gutierrez-Ponce (simple names in themselves, but confusing *en bloc*), and, last and least but hardly simple, the Chinese Minister and Mrs. Sze.



ENGAGED TO THE HON. SYBIL FELLOWES: CAPTAIN J. G. A. BUTLER.

Captain Butler, who is to marry the Hon. Sybil Fellowes, is in the 1st Life Guards, and is the son of Lady Arthur Butler, sister-in-law of the Marquess of Ormonde.

Photograph by Lafayette.

Last week French was again the Court and almost the Parliamentary language: with MM. Millerand and Augagneur in London, Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Churchill were both called upon for many hours of French conversation. The only awkward pauses, it is said, that occur during Ministerial consultations with our Allies are caused by the mental arithmetic necessary for the nice translation of tonnage, speeds, mileage, and so forth into good Parisian. But French, in these days, is not looked upon as difficult. A wounded private with a very Cockney habit of speech was asked the other day if he really wanted to return to the front. "Yus; if I don't, my French will be gitting rusty," he answered.

Hilaria, Hilary, Hilaire.

Lady Mary Parker, whose engagement to the Hon. Lionel St. Aubyn is announced, joins forces with a family of handsome names; and her prospective brother-in-law's address—St. Michael's Mount, Marazion—is one of the prettiest in England. Both Lady St. Leven and her daughter bear the rare feminine form of Mr. Belloc's Hilaire—they are Hilarias. Rarer still is the girl called Hilary—indeed, Colonel and Lady Theodora's daughter is probably its only feminine bearer. It was over the signature of "Hilary Belloc" that the war-prophet's first contributions to literature appeared.



TO MARRY MAJOR ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL HOLMES: MISS JANE CASSELES WALKER.

Miss Walker is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George P. Walker, of Heatherwood, Putney Heath.

### The Careful Cockney.



TO NURSE THE WOUNDED IN THE BALKANS: MISS FLORENCE CHAPLIN.

Miss Florence Chaplin, who is a sister of Viscountess Castlereagh, and daughter of the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, has left for the Balkan States to nurse the wounded in Serbia and Montenegro. Miss Chaplin is accompanied by Miss Christabel Ellis, sister of the Countess of Norbury and daughter of the Rev. the Hon. William Charles Ellis. Miss Ellis will herself drive one of the three motor-ambulances which go with the expedition.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

*An Engagement.* The engagement of Mr. Richard Weld-Blundell and Miss Mayne is not "without military significance." Mr. Weld-Blundell is a Coldstreamer, and Miss Mayne a daughter of Captain Jasper

Mayne. Lord Lovat, who is related to both parties, undertook some of his first adventures as a traveller in the company of Mr. Henry Weld-Blundell, notably on an expedition that made its way through Somaliland to Addis Abeba and back by the Blue Nile and Khartum. For many members of the family travelling has served as a preparation for soldiering, and the wedding will be more an affair of khaki than of frock-coats.

### The Mailed "Fist."

Bond Street is gloomy, and even the gayer spirits of Charing Cross Road are growing a little weary of bad days and a stock that hangs fire. One

The Dismal Dean has his counterparts among the dealers.

second-hand book-seller, however, has been cheered by a postcard, duly stamped "Field Post-Office," from the front. It runs: "I should so much like an occasional catalogue to remind me in the trenches of the happy hours I used to spend among your books on my way from the City." The trade, surely, cannot be altogether disheartened if the collector's instinct survives a winter campaign. But in this particular case there is no chance of doing business. The only illegible word on the postcard is the signature, and the gallant reader and potential customer will get no catalogues.

### Mr. Gosse and the Censor.

He will get no catalogues, and never guess the reason. The last thing a man knows anything about is the badness of his own writing. Thus Mr. Edmund Gosse complains bitterly when the Censor writes across the envelope of a letter he addressed to a friend abroad, "This correspondent should write more clearly and briefly." "My handwriting, whatever its other demerits," answers Mr. Gosse, "is as clear as print." Mr. Gosse thinks so, but evidently the Censor does not.

### Men of Letters.

The Censor, probably, is sorry he passed remarks on Mr. Gosse's correspondence. Instead of saving time, he is involved in a correspondence on his own account with the eminent man of letters. On one point, it would seem, Mr. Gosse has mistaken the functions of the Censor's office. He evidently objects to the Censor's brevity when he described his message as "curtly worded." The Censor asks for brevity, and gives it. And in any case, let Mr. Gosse be comforted by the knowledge that hundreds of other letter-writers before himself have, rightly or no, been kept in order in exactly the same terms.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN J. G. A. BUTLER: THE HON. SYBIL FELLOWES.

The Hon. Sybil Anna Fellowes, whose engagement is just announced, is the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady de Ramsey.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



TO MARRY MISS JANE CASSELES WALKER: MAJOR ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL HOLMES MACLEAN.

Major MacLean is in the Royal Scots, and also in the Royal Flying Corps. He is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. J. MacLean, of Grosvenor Crescent, Glasgow.



WE MAY PUBLISH THIS NOW!



JUST BEFORE THE BATTLES, MOTHER! A LITTLE FRONTIER INCIDENT.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.





## "SEVEN - THIRTY."

By WILLIAM FREEMAN.

QUENNALL bought the clock for a variety of reasons, the chief being that he happened to be passing the rooms when an auction was in full progress. He wound it, and put it on the mantelpiece of his sitting-room. Its tick was low, even, almost musical. The time was a little before five, and he pointed out his purchase when Mrs. Jannaway, his housekeeper, came in with the tea-tray. At six, when he went out again, the clock was still going; at nine, when he returned, it had stopped. The hands stood at exactly seven-thirty.

Quennall shook the clock, at first gently, then with some violence. When his shaking produced no result, he opened the back and touched the escapement with the end of a penholder. The works appeared to have locked themselves rigidly. Quennall, mentally deciding that bargains picked up in auction-rooms were rarely worth the trouble of bringing home, abandoned the clock for more important matters, worked until eleven, and then, realizing that he was excessively tired, went up to bed.

Mrs. Jannaway, broom in hand, met him at the sitting-room door on the following morning.

"That clock of yours was a lucky find, Sir."

"Still stopped, I imagine?" said Quennall shortly. He did not care for sarcasm at the wrong time.

"Stopped! It's right to the second."

He crossed to the mantelshelf. The clock was ticking steadily.

"That's queer!" said Quennall, and for a time forgot even his correspondence in a train of speculation.

His letters included a couple of commissions which were urgent, and an invitation to dinner which, from a professional point of view, meant a good deal. He worked assiduously throughout the day, became immersed in a chapter after one or two reassuring glances at the clock, and was finally aroused by a distant belfry booming "nine." His purchase had stopped again at seven-thirty. He had hopelessly missed his appointment.

"It shall go on the dust-heap to-morrow!" he told himself exasperatedly.

But in point of fact he took it to a jeweller's at the end of the road. There he explained its eccentricities.

"Nothing remarkable in that," said the man. "A speck of dust, maybe. I'll have the clock ready for you by this evening, if there's nothing fundamentally wrong."

Quennall nodded, and departed to keep an appointment in town. He called at the shop again on his way back.

"I can't make any charge," said the man; "the clock's in perfect order. It's been cleaned quite recently—certainly within the last three months. I haven't even taken it from the case. It's kept perfect time ever since you left it."

Quennall glanced at the illuminated dial over the shop door.

"May I stay here for another twenty minutes?" he asked.

"By all means," said the other, mildly surprised.

Quennall sat down and waited. Customers came and went. The first brilliance of daylight faded from the sky. When the hands of the big clock stood at twenty-seven minutes to eight, he stood up.

"I must be going. If you'll give me the clock——"

The jeweller crossed to a show-case and opened the door. Then Quennall saw that his jaw dropped, and that he was staring stupidly.

"Well?"

"It's stopped," said the man. The travelling-clock was in his hand.

"At what time?"

"At half-past seven. And I re-wound it less than two hours ago. If you care to leave it, I'll investigate——"

"Many thanks," said Quennall, "but I'd prefer to continue the investigations on my own account."

He took the clock away with him, and a day later made his way to the auction-rooms.

"I want you," said Quennall, to the clerk in charge, "to tell me anything you can concerning a certain travelling-clock you sold three days ago—Lot 178."

The clerk took up a catalogue and ran his finger down the pages.

"It came with a quantity of other things from Garling's, the big second-hand furniture people at the foot of Southwark Bridge. That's the best I can do for you."

Quennall thanked him, and went in search of the necessary motor-bus. He found Garling's with very little difficulty, and within ten minutes had run the right man to earth. He proved to be Mr. Aaron Sollenstein, of the antique-department.

The travelling-clock, it appeared, had come from "The Sycamores," Birch Avenue, Surbiton. The entire houseful of furniture had been bought from Mr. Eugene Renfield, nephew of the late Miss Delia Tarvie.

"Tarvie," echoed Quennall; "the name seems familiar."

"Ever read a daily paper?" enquired Mr. Sollenstein sarcastically.

"Not always," Quennall admitted.

"All right," said Sollenstein, "it's the thame people," and changed the conversation abruptly.

Quennall's next step was a visit to the nearest free library, and a systematic search through the files of the daily papers. There he found the Tarvie Case in full.

Miss Tarvie, it appeared, was sixty-seven, short of stature and grey-haired, and of independent means; Mr. Eugene Renfield, her nephew and heir, was thirty-four. Miss Tarvie lived alone at "The Sycamores," a tall, mid-Victorian stucco house in one of the quietest thoroughfares in Surbiton; the nephew lived in a modern villa a mile or so away. Originally intended for an architect's profession he had, after a brilliant career at college, definitely taken up the study of Asiatic dialects.

At about six o'clock on the evening of the fifth of July, Mr. Renfield, according to the evidence of Mary Starch, Miss Tarvie's maid, had cycled to "The Sycamores." The girl had told him that her mistress was with a neighbour, but was expected back shortly, when she—the maid—would be going out for the rest of the evening. Renfield, stating that he could not wait, had cycled off again. His aunt had returned five minutes later, when Mary Starch had taken her departure.

At ten o'clock the girl had come back, but failing to get an answer to her repeated knockings, had fetched a policeman. The man had succeeded in pushing back the catch of the kitchen window and in getting into the house. They found Miss Tarvie lying dead on the dining-room rug. The clock on the mantelpiece had been swept to the floor by her outflung arm as she fell. Its hands had stopped at twenty minutes to nine, at which hour Mr. Eugene Renfield had been dining with a large party of friends at Ewell. It was this engagement, he stated, which had, to his unending regret, prevented him paying a second visit to "The Sycamores." The family doctor stated definitely that Miss Tarvie had succumbed to sudden heart-failure, and the coroner's jury had no hesitation in returning a verdict of death from natural causes. A recent will was discovered which left the whole of the deceased lady's property to "my very dear nephew," and the said very dear nephew benefited to the extent of some sixteen thousand pounds. So much Quennall learnt after an hour spent in the drowsy stuffiness of the reference-library.

"It's a queer coincidence, and I've been fool enough to let my imagination run away with me," he told himself, and went back to a heavy evening's work.

Again at seven-thirty the ticking of the clock stopped abruptly; again, during the night, it had recovered the lost hours. Quennall, after a restless, wasted morning, took an afternoon train to Surbiton, and from the station made his way to "The Sycamores."

The place was in much the same state as it had been left by Mr. Sollenstein's men. It reeked of stale tobacco, and the bare boards bore the imprint of many muddled feet. On the floor itself one could trace, easily enough, where the edge of the linoleum had come and the outline of the fender. Quennall wandered about aimlessly for a time, and, finally, letting himself out, returned to the agents and surrendered the keys.

He found Mrs. Jannaway in the sitting-room, whither she had brought a packet of proofs.

"They must wait," said Quennall. He spoke with a curious jerky impatience.

"The messenger said they were important, Sir—important and urgent."

"There are more important things than proofs," said Quennall. He strode across the room, and with a sudden clumsy movement sent the clock clattering from the mantelpiece to the floor.

(Continued overleaf.)



## FOUR OF THEM.



THE NAVY (after having been ordered to move on): Ho, yus, 'Orace. You wait till yer muvver catches yer out in them clothes orderin' people abaht: she 'll soon give yer "Move along."

DRAWN BY MACMICHAEL



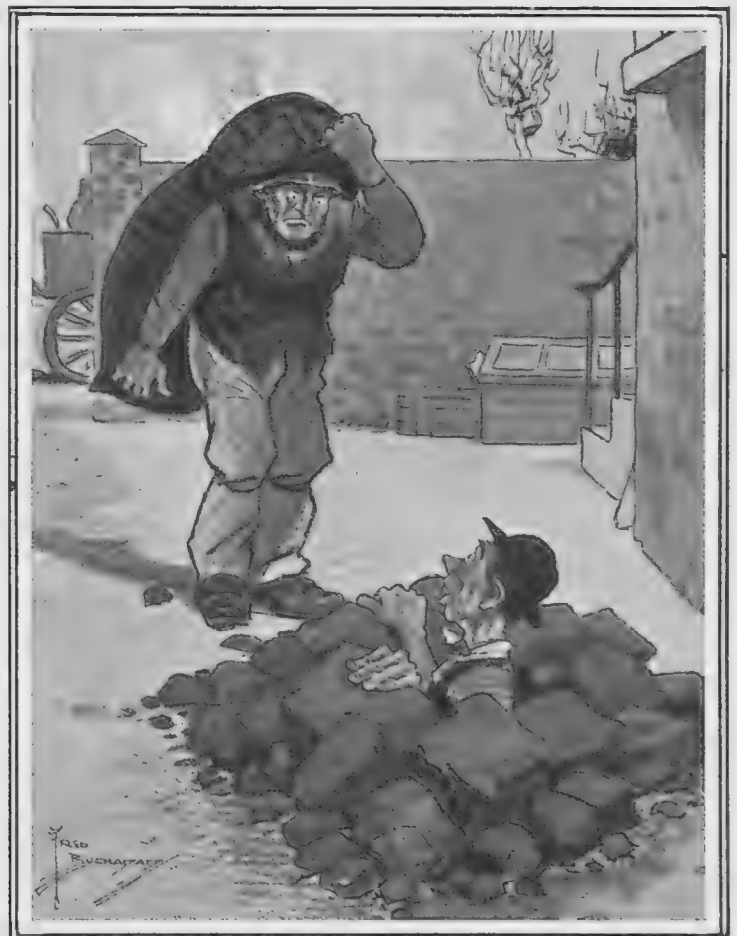
SARAH NOBBES (in the future): 'Ere, Kitchener, yer got to mind Jellicoe while I turns the mangle fer ma.

DRAWN BY WILSON FENNING.



THE SMALL BOY: Father, I must have a million men by my birthday if this fort is to be taken.

DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAVE.



THE MAN IN THE CELLAR: Now then, Bill, steady; that last lot very near blocked up the guv'nor's dug-out!

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.



Mrs. Jannaway stooped to recover it.

"Is it going?" There was a harsh note of eagerness in Quennall's voice.

"It's come to no harm at all," said the housekeeper, grudgingly, and put it back on the mantelpiece.

Incontinently Quennall knocked it to the floor again. She drew away a little, regarding him with a blend of indignation and dismay. Gentlemen who wrote were admittedly eccentric, but this was sheer lunacy.

Quennall, ignoring her entirely, picked up the clock.

It had stopped. His face clouded, and then as suddenly cleared, as in the street below the belfry boomed the half-hour.

Quennall called at Surbiton again on the following day, but his route from the station lay in a different direction. It was evening, but the sky was still flooded with mellow light, and the air seemed as hot as at midday.

Mr. Renfield, the maid said, was at home. He was exceedingly busy, but he could see Mr. Quennall for five minutes or so if the matter were of importance. Quennall, signifying that it was of considerable importance, was shewn into the morning-room, and there waited until Renfield appeared.

He was a clean-shaven, youngish-looking man, with regular features and good teeth.

"I have frequently run across your work in the magazines," he said graciously. "There are so many of you journalists nowadays, that it is difficult to keep track of them all; but your work has quite a distinction of its own. Please let me know how I can be of service to you." His manner was a shade patronizing, but otherwise friendly enough.

Quennall, ignoring an invitation to be seated, began at once.

"I have come," he said, "upon what is, without exception, the most unpleasant errand of my life. It concerns entirely the death of the late Miss Delia Tarvie."

"Then, my dear Sir," said Renfield briskly, "why on earth trouble? The whole painful affair has been disposed of, definitely and for good."

"Yet I must ask you to listen to what I have to say," persisted Quennall doggedly.

Renfield frowned a little.

"Then I must ask you to be as brief as possible."

"The new evidence which has come to light," said Quennall, choosing his words with extraordinary care, "is in direct conflict with that which was accepted at the inquest. . . . Miss Tarvie was, indisputably, a small, slight woman. But the mantelpiece in the dining-room of 'The Sycamores' was old-fashioned and high, and the fender was wide, and projected considerably into the room. Granting that the maid and the policeman were correct in their statements, it would have been a physical impossibility for Miss Tarvie to have knocked off the clock in her fall. The theory that she did so went unchallenged only because it was worth no one's while to prove otherwise."

"It is still worth no one's while. And as I have a good deal of work on hand—"

"Consequently"—Quennall's tones were still level—"since the clock could not have fallen by its own agency, it must have been deliberately thrown there, and with an object."

Renfield stifled a yawn.

"Your narrative is scarcely enlivening, Mr. Quennall!"

"The clock, when it was found, had stopped, although still wound and with its works in order. In point of fact, no ordinary fall would have affected its action—I know, because I have tested it. The only possible assumption is that the person who flung down the clock also stopped it for some private purpose of his own."

"By what means?"

"By opening the back and touching the escapement with the tip of his finger. The print is clearly visible on the brass—I found it this morning. There is only one other point. The clock had been stopped at twenty minutes to nine. But the policeman who was called by the maid happened to be passing the front gate at about half-past eight, and remained talking to his sergeant close at hand for nearly twenty minutes. No one could have entered or left the house from the front without being seen, and the wall at the rear is unclimbable. Consequently, the clock must have been set in advance of the time the murder was actually committed."

"Murder?" echoed Renfield. He raised his eyebrows, as though the word itself were an offence. "In your anxiety to support your fantastic theory, you altogether ignore the medical evidence. Or do you suggest that the doctor himself was the murderer?"

Quennall shook his head. He spoke in a low, strained voice.

"If an elderly woman with a weak heart were deliberately given a violent shock, either physical or mental, which killed her, that would be murder."

"Doubtless. But when do you suggest that the act was committed?"

"At seven-thirty," said Quennall.

"Who told you that?"

"The clock."

Renfield burst into a loud laugh.

"Which had stopped at twenty minutes to nine! As an

amateur detective, Mr. Quennall, it seems to me that your methods leave something to be desired."

Quennall, without answering, opened a small leather bag and stood the clock on the table between them.

"It is now within four minutes of the half-hour. At that moment the hands will lock until midnight has come and gone, and a fresh day has begun. And I tell you, though no jury on earth would convict on such evidence, and the murderer is as safe as I, that it was then that Miss Tarvie was struck dead."

Renfield shrugged his shoulders, and with a glance at the clock, sat down. To Quennall the time of waiting seemed an eternity.

A clock in the hall chimed. With the first note, the insistent ticking on the table between them ceased.

Renfield, with a laugh, rose to his feet.

"An admirably dramatic moment! But I should like to submit this occult timepiece of yours to expert examination, Mr. Quennall. Will you leave it with me for a day or so? I am not a poor man—" He turned to a bureau, and drew a cheque-book from one of its pigeon-holes.

Quennall, ignoring the action, closed his bag with a snap.

"Yes, I'll leave it," he said. He seemed suddenly to have grown tired and absent-minded, like a man who has been sleeping badly for a long time. He moved heavily in the direction of the door. "I shall be glad," he added, "to learn if your investigations coincide with my own. . . . Good evening!"

He went back to his rooms, and the strange dullness of intellect which had gripped him gave way to a mood which alternated between wild elation and sheer horror. In the morning he rose with every nerve taut and overstrained, and found it impossible to settle down to work. The day dragged to its interminable end. At seven o'clock Mrs. Jannaway brought him a letter. The handwriting on the envelope was unfamiliar, but the postmark—Surbiton—set his pulses throbbing idiotically. He opened it.

"Dear Mr. Quennall,—Since the amateur detective's sole reward is usually the knowledge that his deductions have proved correct, here is the intimation. Or, if you prefer it, a full confession.

"It is quite true that I killed my aunt. I did it by striking her heavily with my flattened palm immediately over the heart. The thing was entirely unpremeditated. I returned to the house because I wished to interest her in the publication of my book; instead, she accused me bitterly of wasting my career, and announced her intention of leaving her property to found a series of medical scholarships. I needed money, urgently and at once. In any case, she would not have lived more than a year or so. And the crime—if it were a crime—seemed so entirely removed from the possibility of discovery that I was able to dismiss the thing from my mind as one dismisses a dream. But for the clock—"

The letter broke off abruptly, and then, as abruptly, resumed—

"I have watched the clock, almost unceasingly, from the moment you left until midnight, when the hands leapt in a flash to the correct time, and the ticking recommenced. Twice since then I have been on the verge of destroying it, but the thing, as it stands, is no evidence, nor will it remain in my possession."

There was another gap, and then, in a firm hand—

"But my investigations into the ancient dialects of Asia have suddenly lost their interest.  
EUGENE RENFIELD."

Quennall crushed the letter in his pocket and went out into the hall. As he was putting on his coat and hat Mrs. Jannaway emerged.

"I am going to Surbiton," he said. "Do not expect me back for an hour or so," and left her regarding him with a troubled frown.

He went by the tube to Waterloo, but from there he could get no train for thirty-five minutes, and that a slow one. At Surbiton, the rain that had been falling almost continuously had ceased, but the sky was still overcast, and pools of grey mist lay along both banks of the river.

The maid who opened the door to him at Renfield's house was so entirely calm, that Quennall regained a good deal of his own composure.

"Is Mr. Renfield in?" he asked.

"He is writing in his study," said the girl; "he has been there since tea-time."

"I will go to him," said Quennall.

He tapped, received no answer, and twisting the handle, found the door locked. He glanced at the girl, who still lingered in the hall.

"You can get in through the French windows, from the other side of the house," she said nervously.

Quennall made his way along the gravel path, and peered in. The brightly lit study shewed Renfield at his desk, apparently writing.

"Mr. Renfield!" called Quennall.

There was no answer. Quennall pushed against the windows. They yielded, and swung inwards. He entered the room.

Still Renfield made no movement. Quennall advanced.

Within a yard or so of the bureau he stopped abruptly. The man sat stiff and rigid. In his right hand was a phial of small, white tablets, while from in front of him the monotonous ticking of the travelling-clock broke the silence of death.

THE END.



# THE LONDON CITY AND MIDLAND BANK

ESTABLISHED 1836.

LIMITED.

ESTABLISHED 1836.

Subscribed Capital, £22,947,804 0 0

Paid-up Capital, £4,780,792 10 0

Reserve Fund, £4,000,000 0 0

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LIABILITIES AND ASSETS, December 31, 1914.

	£	s.	d.
To Capital Paid up, viz.:			
£2 10s. 0d. per Share on 1,912,317 Shares of £12 each...	4,780,792	10	0
.. Reserve Fund ...	4,000,000	0	0
.. Dividend payable on 1st February, 1915 ...	394,415	7	7
.. Balance of Profit and Loss Account ...	421,285	6	11
	9,596,493	4	6
.. Current, Deposit and other Accounts ...	125,732,736	1	7
.. Acceptances on account of Customers ...	7,210,915	3	3

\* Owing to the War, these Investments have been valued at or under prices current on the 27th of July, 1914, the date of the last official making-up before the closing of the Stock Exchange. Investments made since that date are valued at cost or under.

£142,540,144 9 4

	£	s.	d.
By Cash in hand (including Gold Coin £8,000,000) and Cash at Bank of England ...	33,196,458	18	7
.. Money at Call and at Short Notice and Stock Exchange Loans ...	9,865,226	9	10
* Investments:			
Consols, War Loan, and other British Government Securities (of which £382,000 Consols is lodged for Public Accounts) ...	5,428,379	18	5
Stocks Guaranteed by the British Government, India Stocks, Indian Railway Guaranteed Stocks and Debentures ...	516,144	7	10
British Railway Debenture and Preference Stocks, British Corporation Stocks ...	2,563,294	0	5
Colonial and Foreign Government Stocks and Bonds ...	2,798,469	18	7
Sundry Investments ...	1,771,933	0	5
	13,078,221	5	8
.. Bills of Exchange ...	14,085,806	6	2
	70,225,713	0	3
.. Advances on Current Accounts, Loans on Security and other Accounts ...	62,424,615	11	6
.. Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances as per contra ...	7,210,915	3	3
.. Bank Premises, at Head Office and Branches ...	2,678,900	14	4
	£142,540,144	9	4

EDWARD H. HOLDEN, CHAIRMAN AND MANAGING DIRECTOR.  
W. G. BRADSHAW, DEPUTY CHAIRMAN.

ARTHUR T. KEEN,  
GEORGE FRANKLIN, } DIRECTORS.

## REPORT OF THE AUDITORS TO THE SHAREHOLDERS OF THE LONDON CITY & MIDLAND BANK LIMITED.

In accordance with the provisions of Sub-section 2 of Section 113 of the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908, we report as follows:—We have examined the above Balance Sheet in detail with the Books at Head Office and with the certified Returns from the Branches. We have satisfied ourselves as to the correctness of the Cash Balances and the Bills of Exchange and have verified the correctness of the Money at Call and Short Notice. We have also verified the securities representing the Investments of the Bank, and having obtained all the information and explanations we have required, we are of opinion that such Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the books of the Company.

LONDON, 8th January, 1915.

WHINNEY, SMITH & WHINNEY, CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS, Auditors.

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(Guaranteed not to grow hair.)

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By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

### The Navy in the Theatre.

Anyone who feels in the dumps is earnestly entreated to go and see "The Flag-Lieutenant" at the Haymarket Theatre, where admirals, lieutenants, midshipmen, and others are all depicted in a breezy, cheery light, and are, moreover, capable of the most heroic sacrifices of their honour and of their careers for other people. It is a spirited play, with a good story, and has not aged like so many of the revivals which we have recently seen. For myself, I cannot contemplate the spectacle of the pertest "middy" upon the stage without tears, idle tears, just as the silent appearance of a small child sometimes arouses emotions which the most skilful histrionics of mature actors fail to evoke. Besides, who can look unmoved on a stage setting of one of his Majesty's battle-ships, with those portentous guns looming out of the most unlikely places in the ship's anatomy? Moreover, we have here surely the last of the Stage Widows—so arch, so wheedling, so exquisitely dressed; in short, Miss Ellis Jeffreys? True to naval tradition, the only "villains" in this gallant play are a snuffy, censorious, malicious, scandal-mongering General and his still more snuffy wife, who are, it would appear, the ornaments of Valetta society. For the setting is the great harbour at Malta, with a view of the sunniest town in the world as a "back." The General's lady has dyed black hair and an Indian gilt necklace, and thus inspires fear and distrust in all beholders. The name of these sinister military birds of ill-omen is nothing less than Something-Bogle, whereas sailors, as everybody knows, usually have names as breezy as the blue sea they sail on. The importance of a name, in the Senior Service, is of the most vital consequence in a career. How could an Admiral named Sturdee do anything but sink the German fleet off the Falkland Islands? A Beatty who failed to sink a *Blücher* off the Dogger Bank and put the other Dreadnoughts to ignominious flight would be unthinkable. To live up to their names is a way they have in the Navy.

### Oxford in War Time.

If Mr. Compton Mackenzie, who has given us such a delightful and "live" description of Oxford as the undergraduates' paradise in his second volume of "Sinister Street," would do a similar picture of the university in its present war mood, he would make a valuable contribution to history. Think of the importance of such a "document" a hundred years hence, when this tremendous war will have impressed the world with its true proportions. We are all so occupied and distracted with running about and "doing our bit" for the war that we are apt to lose sight of some of its most amazing features, taking them as a matter of course, and all, so to speak, in the day's march. Miss Jex-Blake, indeed, has lately called attention to the gallant way in which the senior 'Varsity has "gone to the war." And not only the undergraduates, among whom are "all the members of last year's eight, except the cox; thirteen out of the Rugby football fifteen, nine out

of the cricket eleven—in short, all the athletes; but, in addition, one professor, more than forty Fellows, and over two hundred holders of scholarships and eighty exhibitioners." It is a gallant record; and, considering that Oxford is sometimes regarded as too æsthetic, cliquish, and pernicky, a very remarkable record.

Last term less than one-third of the undergraduates were in residence, and these numbers are thinning down as the exigencies of the war increase. Oxford, in short, as Miss Jex-Blake happily remarks, much resembles the Oxford of the great Civil War. Even the examination schools have been summarily turned into a hospital for wounded soldiers, thus continuing the theory of the undergraduate who remarked that anyhow it had "always been a place of suffering." Some of us remember the "schools" in the most radiant June weather, with Commemoration sisters and cousins, and tourist Americans in wonderful hats, sitting on back benches complacently regarding the *viva-voce* torture of their young contemporaries.

### Dressing Like Soldiers.

If there is one thing we ought to impress upon our youthful female contemporaries at the present juncture, it is the extreme undesirability of dressing in military fashions. Reginald, when he comes back from the front for a few days, does not want to see his inamorata in a busby or a khaki overcoat, but in something nice and fluffy. Imagine the attractions of velvet and chiffon, of ermine or chinchilla, after the trenches or a shakedown in a devastated barn. How mysterious and alluring a very femininely dressed woman must be, seen in her own delicately lighted and exquisitely furnished drawing-room, after scenes of horror in hospital and camp. And by adopting military fashions—frogs, gilt buttons, aigrettes, and plumes—a woman does not look like a soldier, but like a ludicrous travesty of one in some trivial spectacular play. Fortunately, we have not been seized as a nation (nor have the French) with that craze for gold lace and military trapping which would seem to have been rampant in the Napoleonic wars. Even the most inconsequent of Parisians goes soberly clad, in black or invisible blue, while her country is still invaded; while even here, out of doors, a brilliant plume or a rose-coloured ribbon strikes a jarring note.

**The Newest Girl.** A wonderfully resourceful personage is the new kind of girl, and she is particularly proud of her dexterity with her hands. Next summer may see her getting in the harvest; and she is every whit as interested in mechanics as our boys. An ingenious young crea-

ture, at the hour I write, is seeking—in the advertisement columns of a morning paper—a situation as "chauffeur-companion," and undertakes to do "running repairs." There is humour and resource in the appeal, and I have no doubt the advertiser would appeal to a class of employers who dislike missishness and servility in those about them.



ELEGANT AFTERNOON OR HOME DINNER GOWN OF SOFT BLACK SATIN AND COBWEB LACE; BODICE WITH ZOUAVE EFFECT.

From Madame Barri, 72, Baker St., W.—(See "Woman About Town.")



# YOU CAN RELY ON



# BEECHAM'S PILLS

# THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

## The Jade.

Madame Rumour is a jade; she delights in the lie that is half a truth and the truth that is three-quarters a lie. When, however, German militarism harnesses the jade to its purposes, she becomes funny. The official account of the German naval action was a real masterpiece of humour. "The German squadron was making an advance." Where, and what for? It became engaged with British forces. Voluntarily or involuntarily? "The enemy broke off the engagement." Why, oh courageous Germans? Was it because they could not overtake your cowardly flight? "According to information available"—information, forsooth!—"one British battle-cruiser"—which, oh most sapient Von Behnke?—"was sunk, and on our side the armoured cruiser *Blücher*"—the one-part-truth in the three-parts-lie bulletin. How about the steadfast German nerves—the glorious people from whom no disaster, however bad, need be hid? It looks like a bad relapse, to be followed by a worse collapse when the glorious people know all about their war.

## Premature.

Priscilla Countess Annesley is a beautiful woman; also, she is popular; further, she deserves to be so. The conventional reward of all these virtues is a rich husband. Several have been presented, by Dame Rumour, to the beautiful widow, and eventually her engagement was boldly announced. Without, however, her own consent, which she continues to withhold. Possibly freedom and universal admiration and crowds of friends, to say nothing of two nice, pretty daughters, appeal to her. Anyway, however impatient we may be to see so great a favourite settled with all we think she ought to have, we cannot marry the lady against her will.

## Their Majesties of the Nursery.

It is nice in these days of war to turn to those chief joys and greatest ornaments of peace, the children. Nursery inhabitants were never so precious before: they represent so much besides their own dear little selves. It is fitting, therefore, that when they arrive they should have everything of the best and most dainty description awaiting them. I saw some layettes at Barri's, 72, Baker Street, that might make the fairies envious, so lovely were they, so eminently fitted for the precious babies. These were so cut as to give greatest ease to the little morsel of humanity, and the greatest comfort too. Mme. Barri has designed a complete layette which newest arrivals would, if they could, sing a pæan of praise for. To

starched collar and cuffs and a black patent belt. Mother and child will indeed be doing well if they are dressed at Barri's.

## The Vision Beautiful.

Many a man among our brave officers, whether on sea or land, has visions of his return, when duty has been nobly done, to England, home, and beauty. The wives, sweethearts, and mothers must see to it that the visions are fulfilled. Hearts are in the trenches, and on the ships keeping vigil over icy waters; thoughts hover round them, and anxieties are keen. No trace of them should be allowed to mar the faces which the men see when they come back, either on leave, when wounded, or when the war is won. It is more necessary than ever now for women to take care of their appearance; and, the motives being unselfish, the effort will be blessed. After all, it is not much of an effort to put the matter into the skilled hands of Mrs. Hemming, or one of her staff of personally trained assistants at the Cyclax Company's luxurious salons, 58, South Molton Street, W., and to use such of the well-known Cyclax remedies as are necessary for the case. To preserve the contour of the face is one matter of great importance. For this purpose the use of skin food and of the chin-strap will be required. It is a clever contrivance for keeping a supply of food to the skin, without soiling collar-bands or dainty lingerie, while supporting the chin and preventing laxity. Braccine is another invaluable Cyclax preparation. As its name implies, it braces muscles and keeps them doing their work under all circumstances, and keeping the face firm and fresh. As we are

wearing, and shall continue to wear, open collars, it is important to give special attention to the throat. Cyclax throat lotion is what is required in this respect; it will keep the throat round, soft, and white, and in perfect condition. To give to our fighting men every ounce of pleasure that is possible is the whole duty of woman; and there are few pleasures that they will more appreciate than to find their womenkind as attractive as ever on their return. A man may not love a woman only for her good looks, but he certainly loves her all the more because of them. Mrs. Hemming has retained the whole of her staff of experts during the war, and her appointments are so numerous that it is necessary to arrange them in advance.

The revival of "A Chinese Honey-moon" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre recalled the time when this successful specimen of the

Oriental musical comedy was running apparently for an indefinite period. Exactly how long it ran is seen from the announcement that this was its 1076th performance in London, and it will, no doubt, continue its successful career. Miss Dorothy Minto scores in the part made famous by Miss Louie Freear of the Chinese waiting-maid; and Miss Marie George sings and dances charmingly as the wife of the English gentleman who gets into fearful confusion owing to the Oriental laws about kissing. The humorous gentlemen are adequate but not remarkable; while the costumes and the ladies of the chorus are, as usual, wonderful. It is not among the best of musical comedies; but it has undoubtedly been one of the most successful, and it will do well.



A WAR MARRIAGE: MRS. BERNARD NEAME.

Mrs. Bernard Neame, who was married on Jan. 25, at St. George's, Hanover Square, to Captain Bernard Neame, 18th Hussars, was Miss Agnes Strutt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Herbert Strutt, of Makeney House, near Derby, and Kingairloch, Argyllshire.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



A NEW LADY-DRAMATIST: LADY LEVER.

Lady Lever is the author of "The Torch of Fate," produced at the Vaudeville Theatre matinée on Jan. 22, in aid of distressed Belgians. As a result of this matinée a sum of £150 was handed to his Excellency the Belgian Minister for distribution.

Photo. by London Stereoscopic Co.



ENGAGED TO THE REV. WILLIAM BERNARD WATSON: MISS BEATRICE MACPHERSON.

Miss Macpherson is the only daughter of Mrs. Fitzroy Macpherson and the late Captain Macpherson, 93rd Sutherland Highlanders; and the Rev. William Bernard Watson is Rector of Weston-on-Trent. The marriage is to take place, very quietly, before Lent.—[Photograph by Amy Cassels.]

make things easy for her customers, she has arranged a series of sample layettes from five guineas to seventy guineas, and in them, from the cheapest, the materials used are of the most excellent. The lists given are a guide to what is required. Baby's mamma will also find at Barri's a series of smart and handsome gowns, so that she can continue to take a most wholesome and womanly interest in her appearance, and look to advantage among her most fashionable friends. There are many models; a stylish "Trotteur" in navy serge, with revers of lime-green cloth and collar of white lawn, is quite inexpensive. A black velvet and net dress, having a black net tunic edged with skunk, is also extremely up to date and becoming. Very neat and graceful is a morning frock of black San Toy, with white



A NAVAL ENGAGEMENT: MISS JUSTINE OLIVE DAVIDSON AND LIEUTENANT G. E. VENNING, R.N.

Miss Justine Olive Davidson is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ewen Davidson, of Branscombe, Oxford; and Lieutenant G. E. Venning, her engagement to whom is just announced, is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Venning, of Warders, Tonbridge.

Photographs by Sarony.



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**DRIVER-MECHANICS WANTED: THE GIRL FOR THE TAXI: FOR AIRMEN'S WIDOWS AND ORPHANS.**

### The Dearth of Drivers.

Even the 15,000 men already at the front, in the ranks of the Motor Transport Section of the Army Service Corps, are not sufficient for the Army's needs, and the War Office is said to have been sending round inspectors to the various motor factories with a view to securing additional drivers and mechanics. Of men who can drive a motor-car in more or less able fashion the name is legion; but it is the combination of a good driver and a skilled mechanic which is particularly required at the present juncture. Now there are plenty of drivers who are not good mechanics, and there are mechanics who are not good drivers; the man who can combine the two qualifications, if not somewhat rare, is certainly not to be found in overwhelming numbers, and not all the men already at the front have proved equal to their responsibilities. The tales, indeed, that I have heard of car-wrecking in incompetent hands have been nothing if not grievous. Moreover, the military authorities appear to have exercised little or no discrimination in their handling of the available men. Drivers who have never steered anything but ordinary cars have been planted straight away on to motor-lorries, while others accustomed to heavy vehicles alone have been given the charge of expensive and high-powered touring-cars. It must ever remain, in short, one of the chief mysteries of the present war that the higher officers of the British Army have shown such an extraordinary inacquaintance, to put it mildly, with motor-cars and motor-driving: some of the things that have happened at the front, indeed, have shown that the motor-car was as new and strange a machine to the persons in command as the aeroplane.

### Women as Taxi-Drivers.

The novel suggestion has been made that, as skilled drivers are more and more being drawn to the front, their places should gradually be filled by women, both in respect of ordinary cars and taxi-cabs. The proposal is plausible to this extent—that many ladies now drive their own cars, and it is therefore argued that the question of sex is not of itself an essential barrier. Amateur driving, however, is one thing, and acting as a chauffeur quite another. To take the ordinary touring-car first, it must be pointed out that a private owner whose driver left him in order to go to the front might perhaps be willing to take the risk of being driven by a woman; but driving is, after all, the least important item of a chauffeur's duties. The daily cleaning and tuning up of the car, and the execution of actual repairs when necessary, are far more important considerations; and it can hardly be assumed that there is an appreciable number of

of a taxi-cab in London traffic is no light matter, and it is open to doubt whether there are women who are equal to the racket of Metropolitan traffic as a regular thing, or prepared to face the hardships of rough-weather work. All the same, if the war is indefinitely prolonged, it is possible that the situation may have to be reconsidered. If there be an appreciable number of women who are



FOR THE INJURED OF EVERYDAY LIFE AT HOME: COLCHESTER'S NEW BEDFORD-BUICK 15-18-H.P. MOTOR-AMBULANCE.

This eminently workmanlike motor-ambulance has been provided by the citizens of Colchester through public subscription. It takes two stretchers, and has extra seating-accommodation. The chassis is of the latest 1915 pattern, and is fitted with the Delco self-starting, lighting and ignition system. The four-cylinder motor combines the well-known overhead-valve design standardised by Messrs. General Motors on all their cars.

anxious to go upon the rank, the first thing they must do is to endeavour to induce the Commissioner of Police to withdraw his present embargo upon the feminine driving of public-service vehicles.

### The Flying Services Fund.

An excellent start has been made with the fund for the benefit of officers and men of both the naval and military wings of the Royal Flying Corps who are incapacitated on active service, and for the widows and dependents of those who are killed. The idea originated with M. André Michelin, Chairman of the Michelin Tyre Company, who offered to administer the fund in the same way as the one which he had already established in France. Our own Admiralty and War Office, however, preferred that the fund should be handled by a representative body rather than an individual, and its management was therefore entrusted to the Royal Aero Club. M. Michelin's gift of £1000 was gratefully accepted, and the Royal Aero Club followed suit with a like amount, as also did Flight-Lieutenant F. K. McClean and another well-known aviator in Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith. Other contributions have brought the list nearly up to £5000, and a public appeal is now made for a substantial increase to this welcome nucleus. No words of praise, it need hardly be said, can be too high for the services rendered by our airmen at the front; without them, indeed, the British Army might as well retire from the field. Inevitably there have been casualties, and others, of course, will follow. The subscriptions, therefore, of all who are able to assist this worthy object should be sent forthwith to the Royal Aero Club at 166, Piccadilly, W., or to Barclay and Co., 1, Pall Mall East, S.W.; nor should the fact be forgotten that, whereas there have been all manner of funds for our troops at the front, or charitable funds for their dependents at home, this is the first occasion on which the public has had an opportunity of testifying its whole-hearted admiration for our aviators themselves.



EVEN RED CROSS VEHICLES SUSPECT IN FRANCE: ONE OF THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER'S AMBULANCES CHALLENGED BY A ROADSIDE SENTRY.

The French, knowing full well the danger from daring spies, take no risk in regard to people on the move within the war-zone. Here we see one of the Red Cross motor-ambulances in the service of the Duchess of Westminster's Hospital for the wounded being held up for the production of the official permit to pass. The attitude of the French sentry is noteworthy. He is holding his rifle and bayonet poised ready for an instant thrust; his finger is on the trigger.—[Photograph by Topical.]

women at hand who are equal to the requirements of the case. As for taxi-cab driving, the position in one way is altogether reversed, but none the less presents serious difficulties. There is no mechanical work to be done, or even cleaning, as these operations are seen to at the big taxi-cab depots over night; on the other hand, the driving



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## A Government Embargo.

"The Treasury authorities have given notice that no new public issues of capital in the United Kingdom may be made without their approval, since it is felt by the Government that all other considerations must be subordinated to the necessity of husbanding the financial resources of the country during the war, with a view to its prosecution." —*The "Times," January 19.*

"Issues or participations in issues for undertakings carried or to be carried on outside the British Empire shall not be allowed."

—Extract from Treasury conditions.

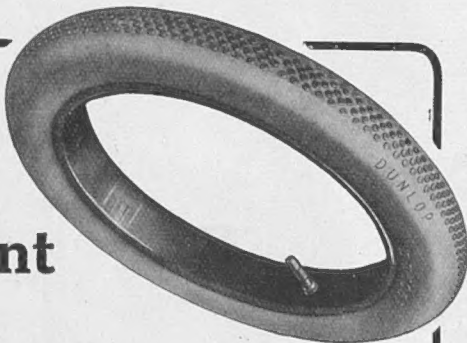
The importance of keeping money in this country cannot now be exaggerated. The stringent regulations imposed by the Treasury merely emphasise what the Dunlop Rubber Co. has preached since the beginning of the war, namely, that every foreign tyre bought is of direct assistance to the enemy, inasmuch as it is a blow aimed at the industry of this country.

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## THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE historian will tell us some day why the music-halls and musical comedies have been trumps during the war; but I am not a historian—yet. Amongst the popular works, one of the likeliest is the revival at the Garrick of "The Girl in the Taxi"—coupled with the name of Mlle. Yvonne Arnaud—if I may use the toast-master's phrase. After all, there is much to be said in favour of the piece: its book has none of the clammy sensuality common in musical comedy, and possesses a plot which does not go all to pieces in the last act—a rare virtue. Whether Mlle. Arnaud dances or whether she sings, or chatters with a quaint Entente Cordiale accent, or makes "gougou" eyes, the audience is equally delighted.

What a clever move of the Stage Society to revive Farquhar's comedy, "The Recruiting Officer," last seen on the boards about ninety-nine years ago. A recruiting play, but recruiting in a very different mood from the stern work of our days. Then there were no unpleasant winter campaigns, no rabbit-warren fighting, no "Jack Johnsons" or "Black Marias" and dingy uniforms, but war was a gay kind of twopence-coloured affair, where, as a rule, you saw your man before you killed him—or otherwise. A merry comedy, with immensely interesting pictures of life, manners, and customs in 1705. The actual plot is rather a nuisance—plots generally are—and there is an ancillary story which must have bored even the author. However, we revelled in the pictures of the Shropshire town, in the befoolery of the local rustics, and the unscrupulous impressment by the magistrates of reluctant recruits for our armies that "swore terribly in Flanders." Sterne's phrase reminds me that there are speeches in the play which I should hesitate to utter in a Sunday School. The central story connected with the Captain and Sylvia, who disguised herself as a boy in order to make sure of his hand, was clever enough, even if one wishes the Captain were a little more fiercely in love; but he was a merry, good-natured dog, and probably got tamed after marriage. Mr. Murray Carrington presented him very cleverly. Sylvia was charming, particularly in the

breeches part of the play, in which young ladies, as a rule, are rather trying. Miss Jane Savile carried it off gaily, looked delightful, had an agreeable timidity, and a pretty note of sentiment at the end. Mr. Nigel Playfair was amusing as the impudent recruiting sergeant; Miss Pauline Sangster gave an admirable soubrette performance; and Mr. Nicholas Hannen, the Nelson of "The Dynasts," was very funny as Captain Brazen.

"La Kommandatur," at the Criterion, is the first play of real value inspired by the war that London has seen, and I shall not be surprised if there are big houses to see this tragedy of Belgium under the Germans. From the first moment the audience was thrilled: the elderly War Office employé, ex-soldier, named Jadot, and his amiable wife listening with raw-edged nerves to the songs of the blatant German soldiers in the street caught us. One saw all the ingredients of happiness—a loving, reasonably prosperous husband and wife, jolly little grandson, charming, amiable daughter Catherine, and Pierre, her excellent fiancé—on the one hand; and the pitiless invaders on the other, with pre-eminently the spy, Siegfried Wieler, a rejected suitor of Catherine before the war, returning as conqueror with evil intentions. Then the tragi-comic picture of the Belgians arrested for trifling offences and detained without trial, with Jadot amongst them on the dangerous charge of espionage; a queer scene, with broad humours and fine moments of pathos, and growling behind it vague terrors. And in the last act the family, without Pierre, who has gone to the front, celebrating the return of Jadot acquitted; and then the sudden shadow of Wieler, to announce the fall of Antwerp, to exult in the triumph of the Germans, then gloatingly to say that Pierre is dead, and promise menacingly to become a suitor again. No wonder that Catherine, wrathful and maddened with sorrow, put a knife squarely into his heart. The play is admirably told by Mr. Fonson, the Belgian author. M. Duquesne was admirable as Jadot, whose wife was pathetically represented by Mme. Bianca Conta. M. Libeau played charmingly a minor part; Mlle. Dieudonné delivered her little speech exquisitely; and the rest of the company was of remarkable excellence.

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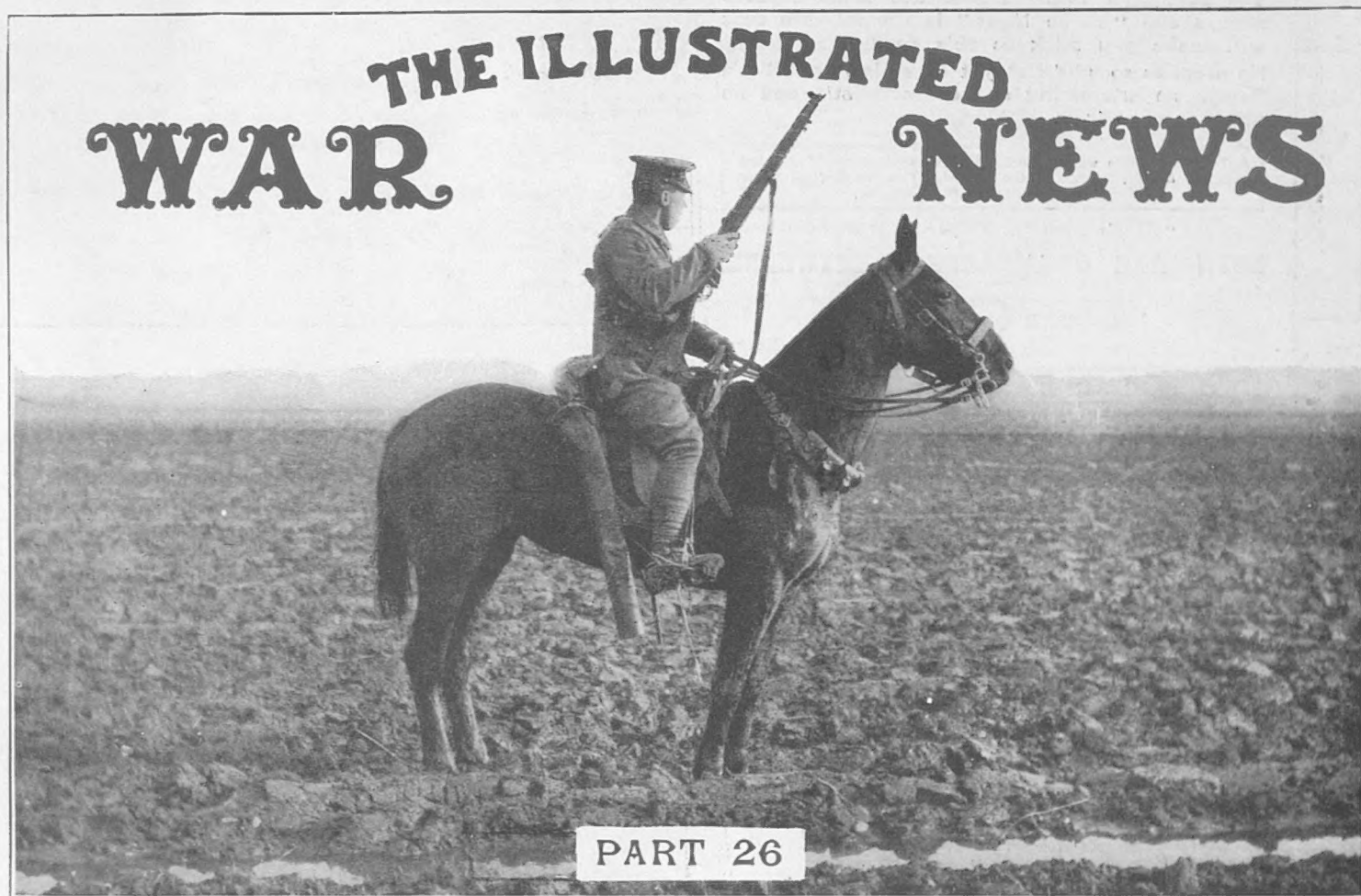
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